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HONCHO

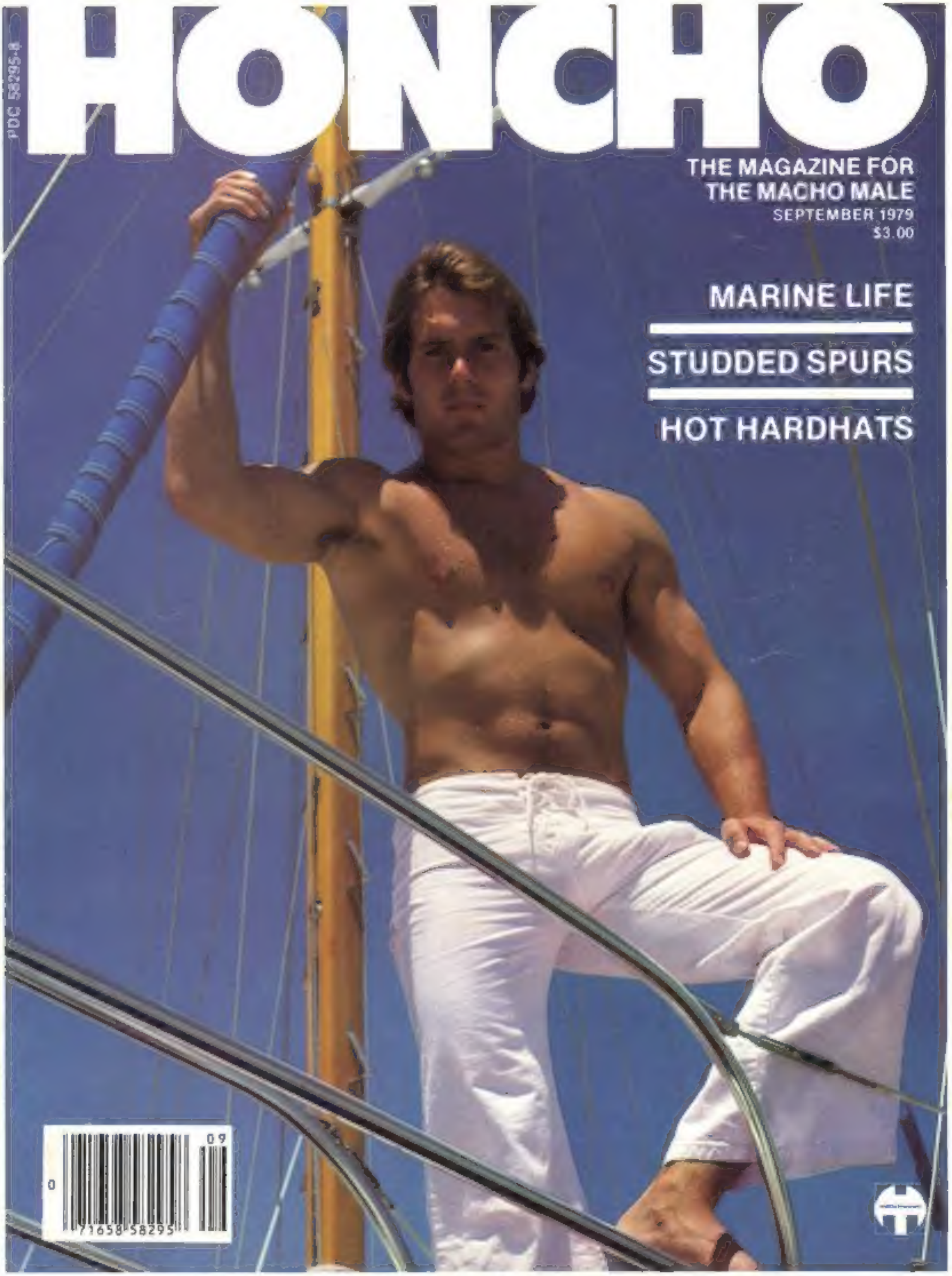
THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

SEPTEMBER 1979
$3.00

MARINE LIFE

STUDDED SPURS

HOT HARDHATS



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VOLUME 2, NUMBER 17 • SEPTEMBER 1979

COVER

When summer sun sizzles, you won't mind stripping down to bare essentials if you're built like Gregg. Check out "California Dreamboat," and you'll see why. It's on page 34. Cover Photo: Eros.

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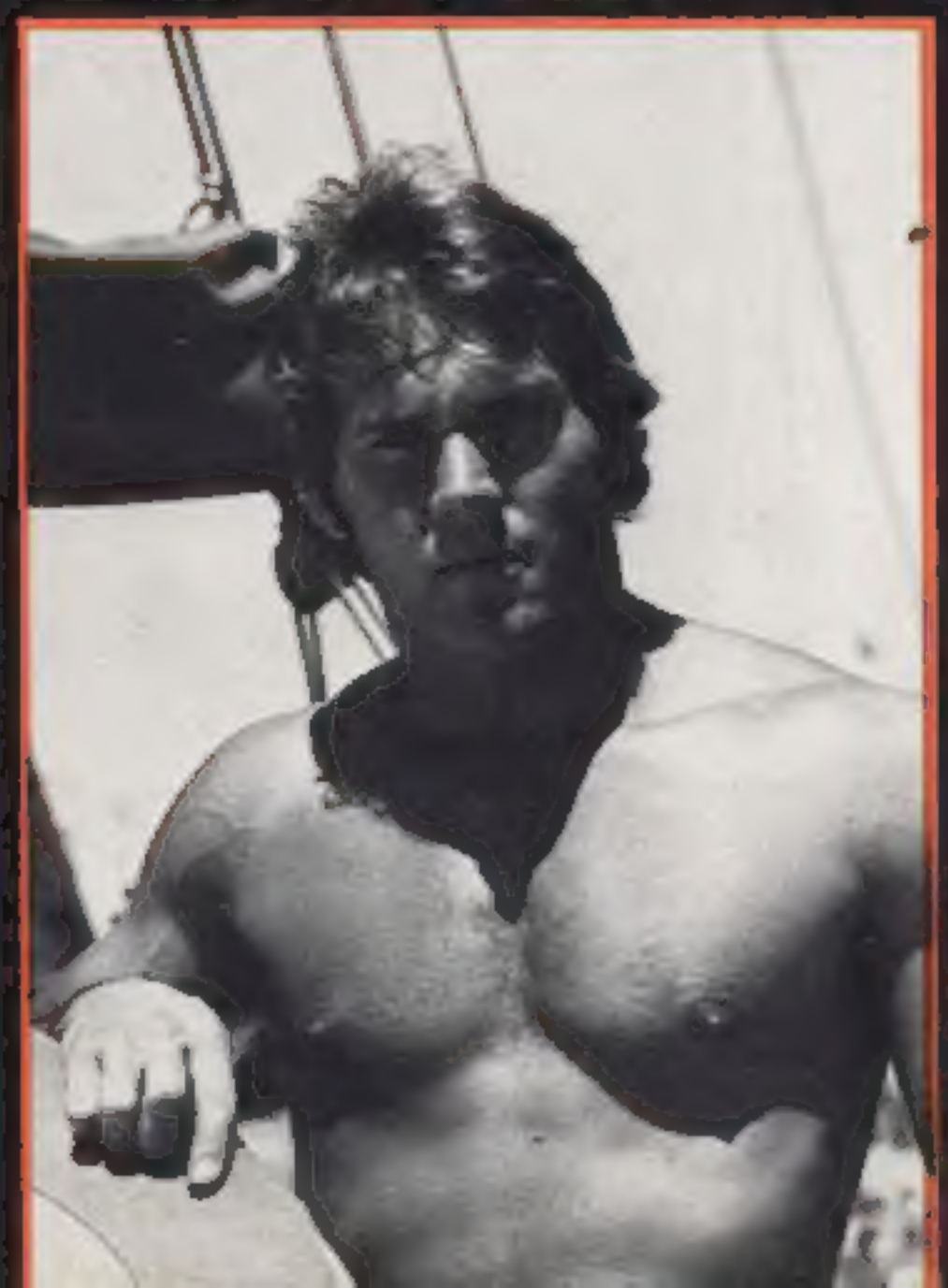
EDITORIAL

HONCHO POTENTIAL

For this special end-of-summer issue, *Honcho* takes a look at some guys who relish the great outdoors and work hard at making their bodies something to flaunt when clothing gets down to a minimum. Gregg, below, is an excellent example, and if blond California types are up your alley, you'll enjoy the centerfold spread on our September coverman. As we enjoy those last fleeting hot days with more guys than ever hitting the nude beaches from Fire Island to California, note the parting shot suggested by the photo opposite. If you're gonna let it all hang out when you pursue your sun worshipping, do plenty of oiling up to protect those invaluable private parts. And by all means consider getting a buddy to share this pleasant chore with you. You may turn on to something beside that soul warming, sweat producing sunshine.

Photographs by Eros



LET TONY REGALE YA!

The unusual name for this unusual young man is Tony Regalia, one of the newest discoveries from Colt Studios, and one of the biggest and brawniest yet. We were tempted to call this feature "The Incredible Hulk" because Tony's impressive dimensions sort of boggle the mind. He cuts an imposing figure no matter which angle you approach, something proven by the photographs here which capture Tony's shipshape shape from fore and aft. A sight to behold no matter which way you look at it. There's more on Tony and the other Colt men, of course. Send $3.50 for *Folio 5*, a complete catalogue of Colt's unique products. Colt Studio, P.O. Box 1680-H, Studio City, CA 91604. Please state over 21.

Photographs by Colt

HONCHO MOVIE IMAGES

Though the days of Hollywood glamor are gone and the term *star* doesn't mean what it used to, contemporary films are not without their idols. Tall, dark, hauntingly handsome Dayton Ka'Ne, recently discovered by producer Dino De Laurentiis on a beach in Honolulu, is one of the newest newcomers to films. He is currently starring with Mia Farrow in *Hurricane*, a disaster epic that is also a love story, a travelog, an adventure yarn, and an expose of imperialism. Ka'Ne embodies a mixture of East and West: a 6'2" athletic all-American body with an exotic Oriental face. And that primitive tattoo on his right arm only increases his mystery not to mention his exotic masculinity. Hardly the boy next door, Ka'Ne projects a different cultural image than the other men in this feature, yet he is not so unique that audiences can't identify with him. At twenty-three, with no previous acting experience, he has been signed to a three-picture contract. It will be interesting to see how wide the range of his upcoming roles will be.

Other Hollywood newcomers who have been making significant headway are Tom Berenger and William Katt, both of whom are currently featured in *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*, a prequel to the highly popular film *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, starring Paul Newman and Robert Redford. In this new film, the mens' first encounter, their growing infatuation with each other, and the beginning of their career in crime is depicted in a funny adventure film directed by Richard Lester. A veteran of *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *In Praise of Older Women*, Berenger has been given a major role, and he's good, as is William Katt, whose good looks no longer outshine his acting, as they tended to do in *Big Wednesday*, *Carrie* and *First Love*.

And then there's Brad Davis, whose starring role as Billy Hayes in *Midnight Express* caused world-wide comment. Formerly a stage actor, Davis broke into movies in a big way: the divided reactions to the message of *Midnight Express* as well as to the implied homosexual relationship Davis had with one of the characters produced extensive media coverage—all to Davis' advantage. Embodying the butch good looks of an energetic young American, Davis, with his sexy, youthful charisma, can only increase his rising stardom if he is shrewdly cast in future films. His short prison haircut and dirty, sweaty clothes exuded a sexual aura that was unforgettable in *Midnight*

Express. His next film, which began filming in March on location in Boston and Los Angeles, will be *A Small Circle of Friends* with Karen Allen and Jameson Parker.

Young, hot, and handsome—these are the male movie stars of today, the new honcho heroes of Hollywood.

Hot honcho newcomers in the movies include Brad Davis, left and opposite right, whose riveting performance in Midnight Express *electrified audiences; Dayton Ka'Ne, below with Mia Farrow in* Hurricane; *and Tom Berenger and William Katt, opposite left, in the Newman/Redford roles in* Butch and Sundance: The Early Days.

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Ward Michaels • Illustration by Kumba

"Sonny, is that you?" crackled the voice at the other end of the line. It was my grandmother. Now that my parents have moved to Hawaii, Grandma's the only person in town who still calls me by my gradeschool nickname. She makes it her duty to phone regularly to see if I'm surviving, and the fact that I've turned twenty-five doesn't stop her.

"Hello, Grandma," I said, pushing my trick's head away from my crotch and sitting up in bed, "It's me."

Grandma launched into her usual series of questions, all concerning my welfare. I answered mechanically, assuring her I changed my socks and underwear regularly, despite the fact that I haven't worn underwear in five years.

When she was finally satisfied, she went on. "Can you come to dinner on Sunday noon?" That meant she was still half sure I wasn't eating right and was determined to remedy the situation by stuffing me with mashed potatoes and gravy. It might also mean that something around her house needed fixing.

"Uh...gee, Grandma. I already made plans, and..."

"Oh, Sonny, please come. There's someone I want you to talk to."

So that was it. Grandma's forever trying to fix me up with some woman she's met at her Ladies Aid Society. Once in a while, though, it's a man, like the new choir director at her church. Forty, balding, and baby-faced, with thick, round glasses, he kept saying all through dinner how much he loved playing the organ, leering at me every time he said it. Grandma hovered around us, repeating again and again how lovely it was to have two such nice boys to dinner.

"It's my new neighbor," Grandma went on. "I want you to tell him something."

I relaxed a little. At least Grandma wasn't trying to spark a romance between me and some young widow with a crew of snotty-nosed kids.

"What do you want me to tell him?"

"I can't possibly say it on the telephone." Her voice shook with urgency.

"I'll be there, Grandma. About noon. Okay?" I hung up the receiver and beckoned my naked bed partner back into position. In less than a minute, I had filed Grandma and her new neighbor away in the back of my mind.

I arrived promptly at twelve o'clock on Sunday. Grandma appreciates people being punctual. To my surprise, there were only two places set at the table.

"Couldn't your new neighbor make it?" I asked as I gave Grandma a peck on the cheek.

"Dear goodness, no! How could I invite him? He and I have never even spoken. Now sit down. I have your favorite, roast beef with lots and lots of mashed potatoes."

I groaned to myself, thinking how I'd have to starve myself all week to make up for today's calories. "I thought you wanted me to talk to him," I said.

"I do." Grandma heaped a mountain of mashed potatoes onto my plate.

"What about?" I asked, poking at the fluffy whiteness with my fork.

"Eat your dinner. We can talk about it later. Eat everything. You look starved. Have you been taking regular meals?"

I pushed my dessert plate away, after cleaning up every crumb of apple cake at Grandma's continued urging.

"Are you ready for another piece?" she asked, her eyes lighting up hopefully.

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I've already had two."

"I made plenty. Let me get it." She started for the kitchen.

"Tell me about your neighbor," I said.

Grandma sat down as though she'd been hit. She folded her hands on the table top and looked down at her bumpy fingers. They were fidgety. "I find it hard to talk about," she said. "I don't know where to start."

"Pick a place and go," I said dryly.

"Well, he seems to be a nice enough young man, except for the beard. You know I don't care for beards. He bought the old Henshaw place next door. The Henshaws moved to Arizona, you know, on account of her sinuses."

I nodded. "I know. What about your new neighbor?"

"Well," Grandma hesitated, clasping and unclasping her hands. "He's

"My Grandma's bearded next door neighbor was one of the handsomest hunks of manflesh I had ever seen. He was tall and muscular, the skin of his bare back burnished to a dark, tantalizing bronze color."

doing a lot of fixing up, new siding and all. He s out there hammering at all hours of the day and night."

"And the noise disturbs you?"

She frowned "No, it's not that."

"What is it, then? What do you want me to talk him about?"

"It s his...it's what he wears when he's working." Spots of red formed on her cheeks. Grandma was blushing. "He wears dungarees with the legs removed."

"Cutoffs? Everybody wears cutoffs, Grandma "

"It's not only that." Her voice was so low I could hardly make out what she was saying. "It's what he fails to wear " She glanced up at my shyly "He doesn't wear Oh, Dear!" Her voice broke. "He doesn't wear underdrawers. There, I've said it." Grandma fled to the kitchen.

I followed her. "And you want me to go over and tell him he should. Is that it?"

She nodded, her eyes pleading

"Grandma, I can't do that. He's a complete stranger. I've never seen him "

Well, there he is, right over there." She pointed out the window.

Standing on a ladder leaned up against the side of the next house was one of the handsomest hunks of manflesh I had ever seen. He was tall and muscular, the skin of his bare back burnished to a dark, tantalizing bronze color

"I'll be right back," I said, heading for the kitchen door.

"Here," Grandma said. "Take him a piece of apple cake. That would be real neighborly."

I snatched the plate from her and took off out the back door, trying not to run

"Hi," I said, standing at the base of the ladder. "I brought you some cake." I lifted the plate toward him, feeling a little shy and very awkward.

The bearded man squinted down at

me. Close up he looked even better than he had from the kitchen window.

"Hey, that's nice," he rumbled, grinning. His right foot was one rung above his left, and I could see right up his cutoffs. Grandma was right. He didn't wear underwear. The hugeness of his hair studded scrotum made me gasp for breath. He came down the ladder and took the plate.

"My name's Boris. Who are you?" he asked, staring at me with wide, dark eyes.

Unable to speak, I pointed toward Grandma's house. I could see her peering anxiously from the window.

"You live next door? Funny I never saw you before." His eyes moved slowly down my body.

"No, I, well...my grandmother lives there."

"Oh, that nice old lady who comes out to watch me work? She never says anything. Just stands there and stares."

He picked up the apple cake and began eating it with relish. He was perfect, broad chest covered with a mat of black fur, long, muscular arms, slim, almost nonexistent waist and hips, and strong, thickly corded legs. His cutoffs were so brief that I was sure I could see the tip of his huge penis peeking out the leg hole. I caught my breath. The dark red, neatly circumcised head was as big around as a boy's fist.

"How'd you like to come inside for a beer?" Boris asked as he finished off the last of the cake.

"Yeah, sure, I guess." Then I glanced toward Grandma's window again. She was still staring out at us. "Sorry," I said. "I have to go now."

"Did you speak to him about it?" Grandma asked as she put the kettle on for tea.

"I couldn't figure out how to bring the subject up. His name's Boris."

"Well, maybe the next time you come to see me, then. Now that you know him by name, it should be easier for you. Next time I wish you'd have a look at my clothesline too. It fell down yesterday, just as I was hanging out the last of the sheets."

"I'll be more than glad to come over and fix it. Just name the time."

"Land, but aren't you helpful? You're a nice boy, Sonny."

"I'm going to come see you a lot more often than I have, Grandma," I said, kissing her cheek. "I've been neglecting you."

When I called to see if it was okay for me to come over and fix the clothesline, Grandma sounded upset.

"Oh, Sonny, I just had terrible news. Uncle Cyrus, your grandfather's brother, has had a bad fall, and they're talking about sending him to a nursing home unless somebody can take care of him for a few days."

"Why don't you go take care of him, Grandma? You always said Uncle Cyrus was your favorite brother-in-law."

"I would like to go, it's true, but I'm afraid to leave the house empty. Somebody might break in."

He was perfect: broad chest covered with a mat of black fur, long, muscular arms, slim, almost nonexistent waist and hips, and strong, thickly corded legs. His cutoffs were so brief I could see the tip of his huge penis peeking out of the leg hole. I caught my breath.

"I'll be more than happy to come over and take care of your house. I can stay there until you get back."

"Oh, Sonny, but won't it be a bother?"

"Not at all. I'll throw some things in a bag and be right over."

I made it there in record time, loaded her and her battered suitcase into my car, whisked her off to Uncle Cyrus.

After promising for the hundredth time to look after her place and to fix her clothesline, I jumped into the car. By the time I got back to her house, it was nearly dark outside.

I saw Boris hammering at the siding. As before, he wore only tattered cutoffs. In less than a minute, I was outside. I went right to Grandma's clothesline ropes, pretending not to see the neighbor.

Poking around at the post's crossbeam, I tried to look completely absorbed in figuring out how to refasten the broken ropes. As I knelt down to pick up one of the lines, Boris looked over at me.

"Hi," he called from the ladder.

I turned to face him. His knee was cocked, and even at that distance I could see the curve of this hairy sac. I grinned at him like an idiot.

"You're fixing the old lady's clothesline, I see," he said as he shinnied down the ladder.

I swallowed and hoped my voice would sound somewhere near normal. "Yeah. She had to go away for a few days, and I promised to tack it up for her. So far, I'm not having much luck, though."

"Let me have a look," he said as he strode across the lawn. He stood over me, and my eyes were even with his crotch. There it was, peeping from the leg opening of his shorts, that beautiful, helmet shaped cockhead. This time there was a big shining drop of moisture nestled in its deep slit.

Boris squatted down beside me, his knees spread wide. Half his thickly veined shaft flopped into view. Its girth was impossibly huge, and I tried to decide whether or not my fingers could close around it. Beads of cold sweat trickled down my spine. I shivered.

"You cold?" the man asked, his voice almost a whisper.

"No," I answered absently, pulling my gaze away to look into his face. He was grinning, showing rows of even, white teeth.

My eyes fell back to his crotch. Almost all of his gigantic phallus was visible, and it was even longer than before. Grandma's neighbor was getting a hard-on.

"This is a good, stout clothesline post," he said, touching its rough wood. "And it has a sturdy crossbar. They don't make them that way nowadays." He got to his feet and yanked at the bar, testing it.

"Yeah, I guess," I answered, overwhelmed by the musky scent of his closeness.

"I bet you could tie someone up to this, and he'd be just about helpless. You could do anything you wanted to him. Look, there are even a few strands of clothesline left here to do it with." He grinned down at me and said suddenly, "Want to try it?"

"What?" I asked. I could hardly believe my ears. "Here in Grandma's back yard?"

"Nobody can see. The houses mask

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the street, and there are heavy hedges and trees on the other three sides. Besides that, it's almost dark. Take your clothes off."

Hurriedly I unbuttoned my shirt, following his abruptly issued orders. In seconds, my clothes lay in a heap on the grass.

Boris stared hotly at my naked body. "Nice," he whispered, his fingers going to his heavy leather belt.

"Leave your cutoffs on," I said, the pleading tone of my voice surprising me. I wanted him to be in control, and wearing those enticing shorts helped project that image.

"Get your ass over to the post," he growled, falling into the master role.

I moved over to the clothesline pole, faced it, and held my hands up while he lashed my wrists to the crossbar. The ropes bit into my flesh, and thrills of excitement rushed through my naked body.

Boris pulled his belt from the loops of his cutoffs and folded it in two. He snapped it loudly, and my shivering increased.

"How about if I warm your butt a little?" he grunted.

"Yeah," I hissed, my eyes closed.

"Yeah? Is that how you answer? He gave me a playful crack across my buttocks.

"I mean, Yes, Sir!" I answered, jumping to attention.

"That's more like it." Another crack with the belt, this one so hard it lifted my feet nearly off the ground.

I hung there helplessly while he continued to lash his belt back and forth across my naked flesh, raising angry red welts all the way from my knees to my shoulders. I fought to avoid the biting leather strap, twisting from one side to the other and moaning pitifully. There was no escape.

"You had enough?" Boris growled.

"Yes, Sir," I stammered meekly, my head hanging down.

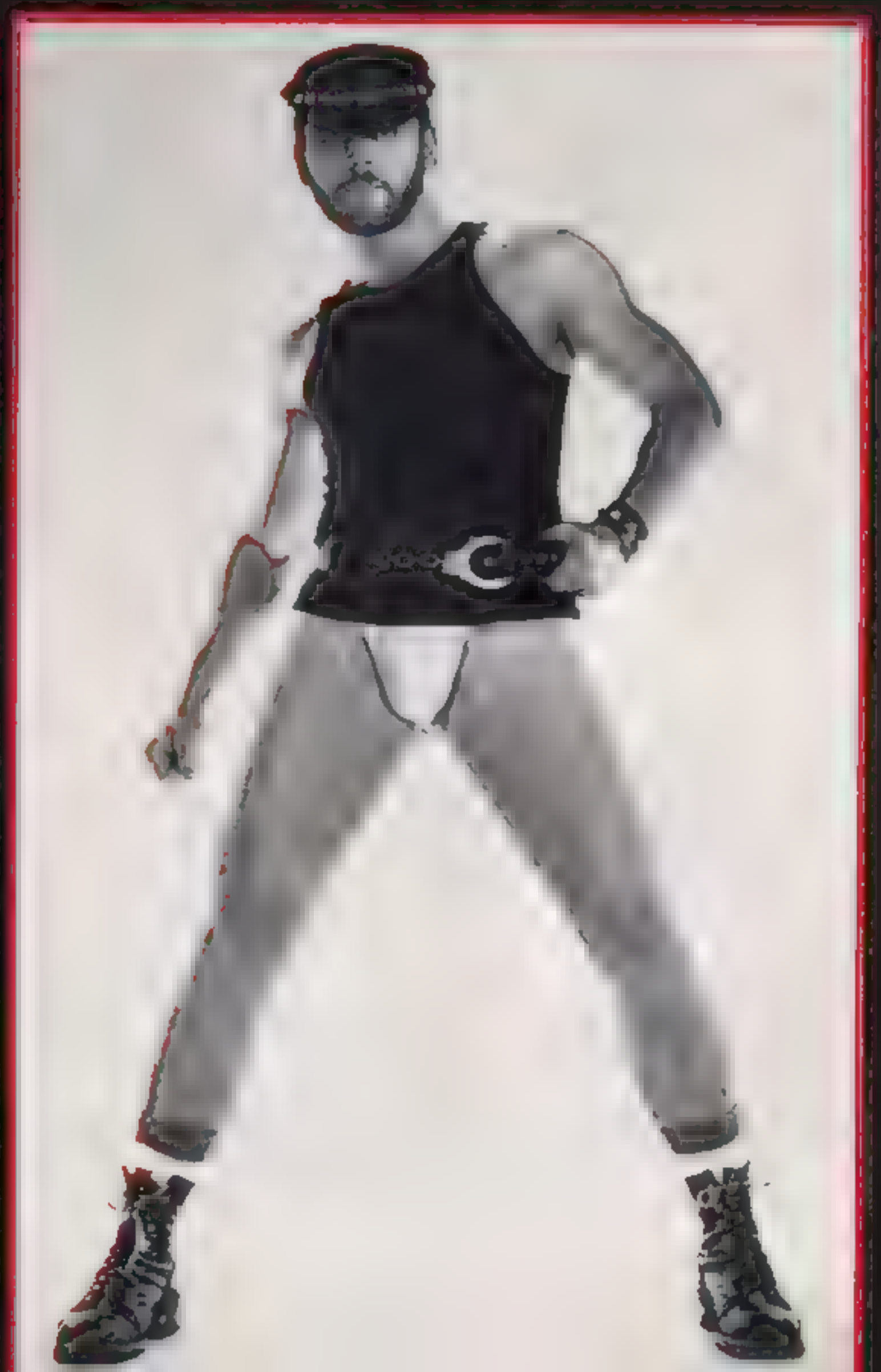
"Then I'm gonna screw you. You want that?"

"YES, Sir," I answered, my heart surging with excitement. I heard the rasping sound of his zipper as he undid it. His cutoffs dropped to the ground. He eased himself up against my back, and I could feel the wiry hair of his chest prickling against my hot, tingling skin. He ran his big palms up and down my sides, sliding them along over my perspiring body and driving me to new heights of gasping excitement. Continued to page 33

STUDDED SPURS

From Colt comes a terrific trio of manliness in a new publication called *Spurs #3*. The fellow pictured here, Joe Bragge, is only a hint of what you can expect to see in that magazine. It's full of surprises just like Joe. You might think he's the top man in some matters, but you'll change your mind after turning the page.

Photograph by Colt



HONCHO

Playing bottom man to
the studded stud named
Paul Horn Joe shows that he's
more than a little versatile
No role playing limits for this guy
Or for Guy McCoy, not seen here
who is the real star of *Spurs #3*
For more of Joe Paul Guy and
the other men of Colt write at
Box 1608H, Studio City CA 91604

Photograph by Colt

RING LEADER

In order to keep the uniqueness and popularity of New York discos alive, many go Wilde or just plain wild, staging a variety of attention-getting events, from special thematic parties to the performances of major disco artists. These days one never knows what to expect. Recently, the Paradise Garage—a private club catering exclusively to New York's hottest black, white, and Hispanic men—held a boxing match between 18-year-old Juan Cruz and 19-year-old Ivan Moran. "Come Navy," stated the invitation, underscoring the theme for the night (seamen were admitted free), to see "a pugilistic battle." A ring was set up in the center of the disco, and the two opponents went at it with serious sexy force.

Photographs by Frank Toti

Prior to the fight, hoping to defeat Juan, Ivan limbered his tightly muscled body.

At the stroke of midnight, the battle began.
While the crowd shouted and cheered,
The macho match ended with Juan, below, as the victor.
One only wonders what they'll think of next...?

Photographs by Frank Teti

COMING!

And it'll have you coming, too!
The September issue of *Mandate* magazine has a hot interview—with exclusive photos!—of the real man's man, Richard Locke.
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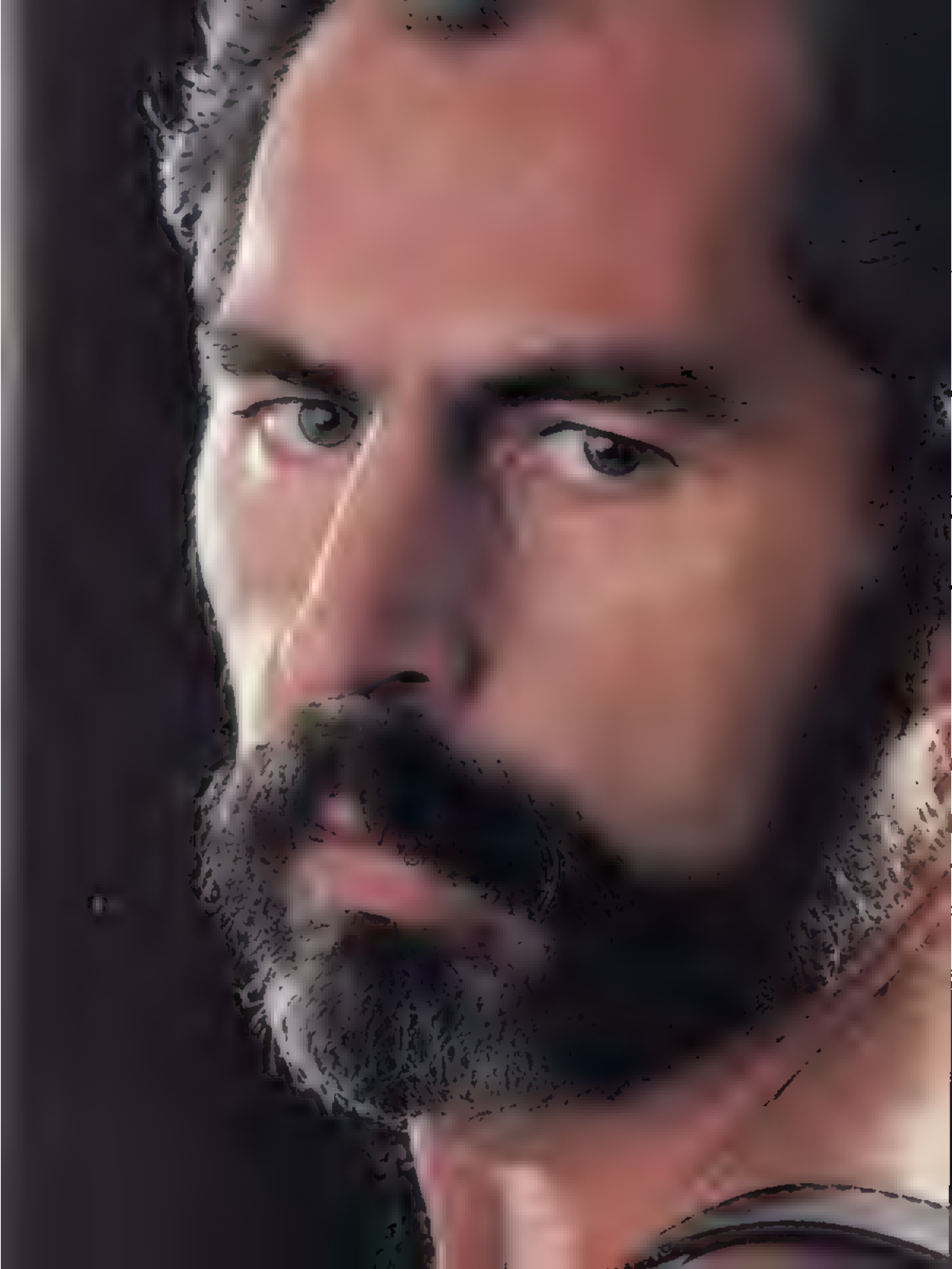
Photograph by Ray Blakey



MARINE LIFE

Were you ever in the Marine Corps? Or have you ever fantasized about Marines? The discipline, the all-male environment, the honcho camaraderie If so, the fellow here is right up your alley. His name is Curtis, and he was posed by Zeus in a variety of settings and gear which clearly project that hunky Marine image. His camouflage cover-up doesn't quite do the job however, as Curtis literally lets it all hang out for the lucky photographer And we're not talking about his dog tags!

Photograph by Zeus

MARINE LIFE

More of Curtis lazing in the noonday sun, caught with his pants down. We'd sure like to have a sip of whatever he's got in his canteen. Just to cool us down, of course. And by the way, when was the last time you ogled a set of buns like those? A fancy bakery should have such taste-tempting treats! If it's really a jungle out there, we're more than willing to try to soothe the savage beast. By the way, those boots could use a good spit shine.

Photographs by Zeus

Want to be tempted more by those steel grey eyes and some other, more obviously sensual traits? Curtis is featured in sets of eight b&w photo sets available for $6 plus handling from Zeus, P.O Box 64250-H, Los Angeles, Ca 90064. Since this macho Marine is for men only, please state you are over 21

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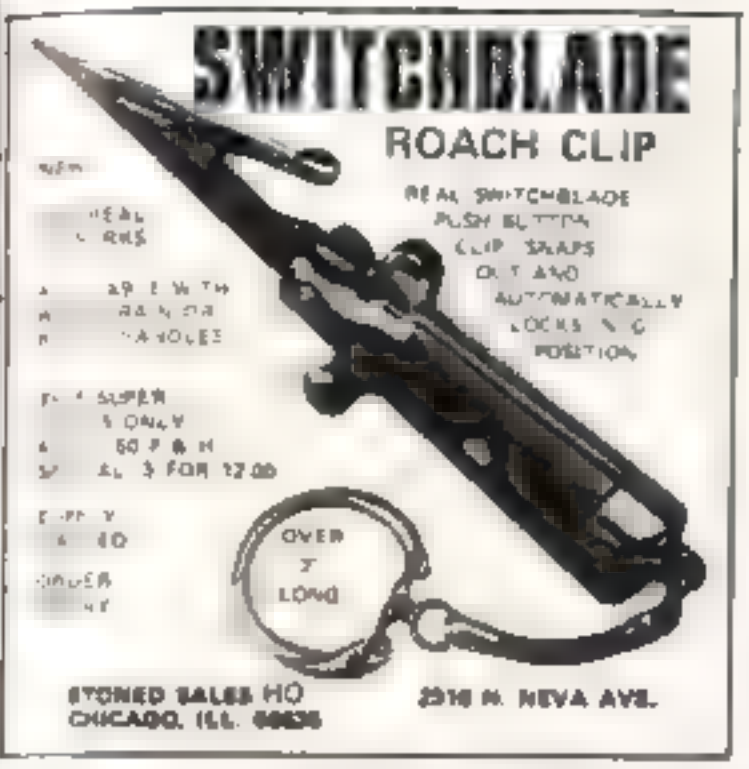

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MAN NEXT DOOR

Continued from page 14

Feeling his burgeoning erection probing into the crack of my buttocks, I shifted my feet, widening my stance until the moist head of his cock could push up to press against the back of my balls. His fingers closed over my nipples, and he pinched and twisted them until I was moaning and writhing in pain. I rotated my hips slowly, caressing his throbbing penis with the warm, smooth flesh of my inner thighs. I could feel his cum laden gonads pushing into the backs of my legs, and I longed to have their heavy load of cream inside my trembling body

"You're almost bringing me off just by the way you're twisting around You want it real bad, don't you?"

Yes, Sir," I hissed "I want it real bad. All of it "

"Then take it," he ordered. Boris dropped his big hands to my softly rounded butt cheeks and pulled them apart roughly. His huge, blunt cockhead was right up against my puckery opening when he gave a quick, brutal thrust of his hips. I screamed at the top of my lungs.

His flaring glans popped into my body, the pain of entry flaring out in all directions to fill me completely. I was afraid I might pass out, and only the sharp intensity of the hurt kept me conscious Boris fucked me unmercifully, drawing back and pulling me with him, his hands locked tightly around my narrow waist. His repeated animal thrusts lifted me up until I stood on tiptoe, my chest and groin crushed against the clothesline post. Slivers of wood tore into my flesh, but the pain was nothing compared to what I experienced from behind

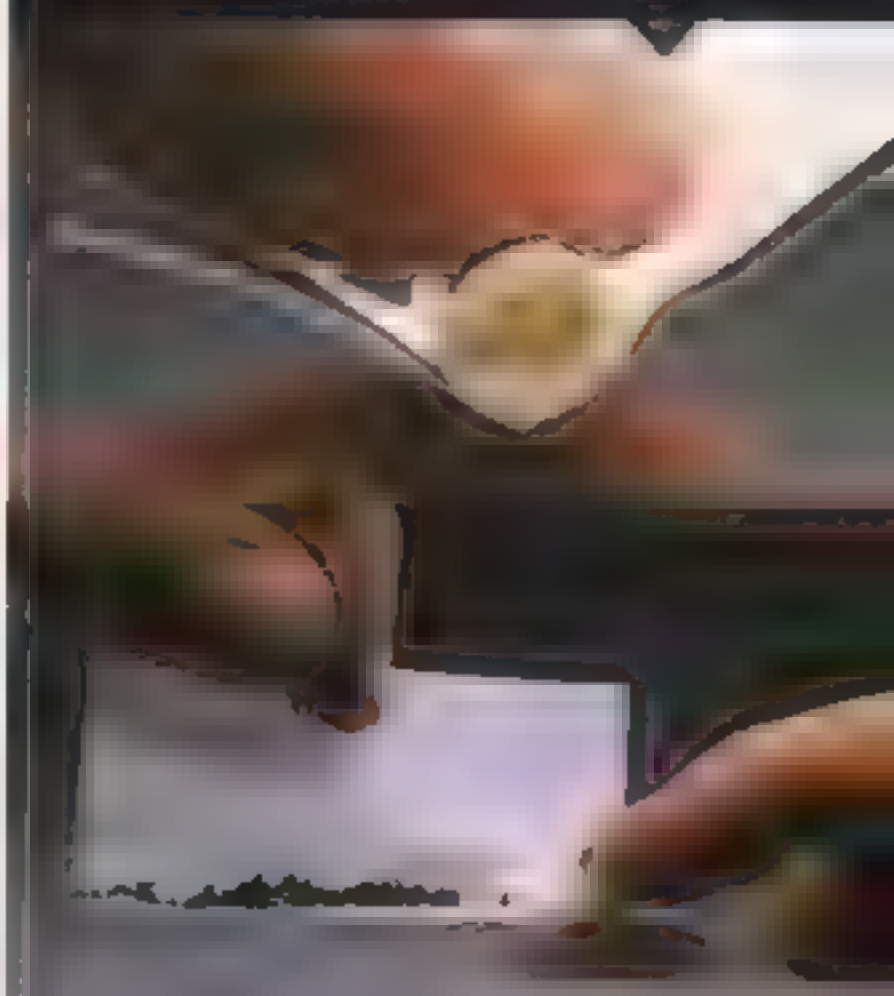
The night air was filled with the loud slapping sounds of our sweating bodies, meeting, parting, meeting again. Boris was grunting now, a maddened bull in high rut. Fighting to accommodate his immense organ, I forced my body to relax, and the searing pain was replaced gradually by a tremendous sense of warmth

Boris slammed into me, driving his prick all the way, and I pushed back eagerly to meet his brutal onslaught. Suddenly, he reached around in front of me, grabbing my bobbing, fully engorged penis, and jerked it unmercifully in time with his battering of my asshole.

Moaning and grunting, I twisted against the rough wood of the post, completely transported by the savagery of my sexual attacker. I was

Continued to page 54

No Waste No Roach More Powerful



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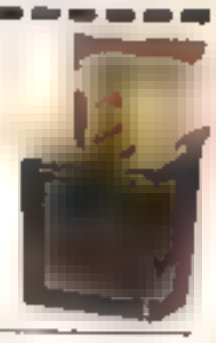

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Typifying the sun-drenched look of southern California is blond nature boy Gregg, an all-American dreamboat if there ever was one. Our coverman and centerfold this issue was tensed in a variety of settings in the Golden State, each of which captures yet another facet of this handsome stud with a multi-dimensional personality. His mood may suddenly darken like one of those southern California rainstorms which may last for a few minutes or for days, but the sun always comes out just as Gregg's smile returns.

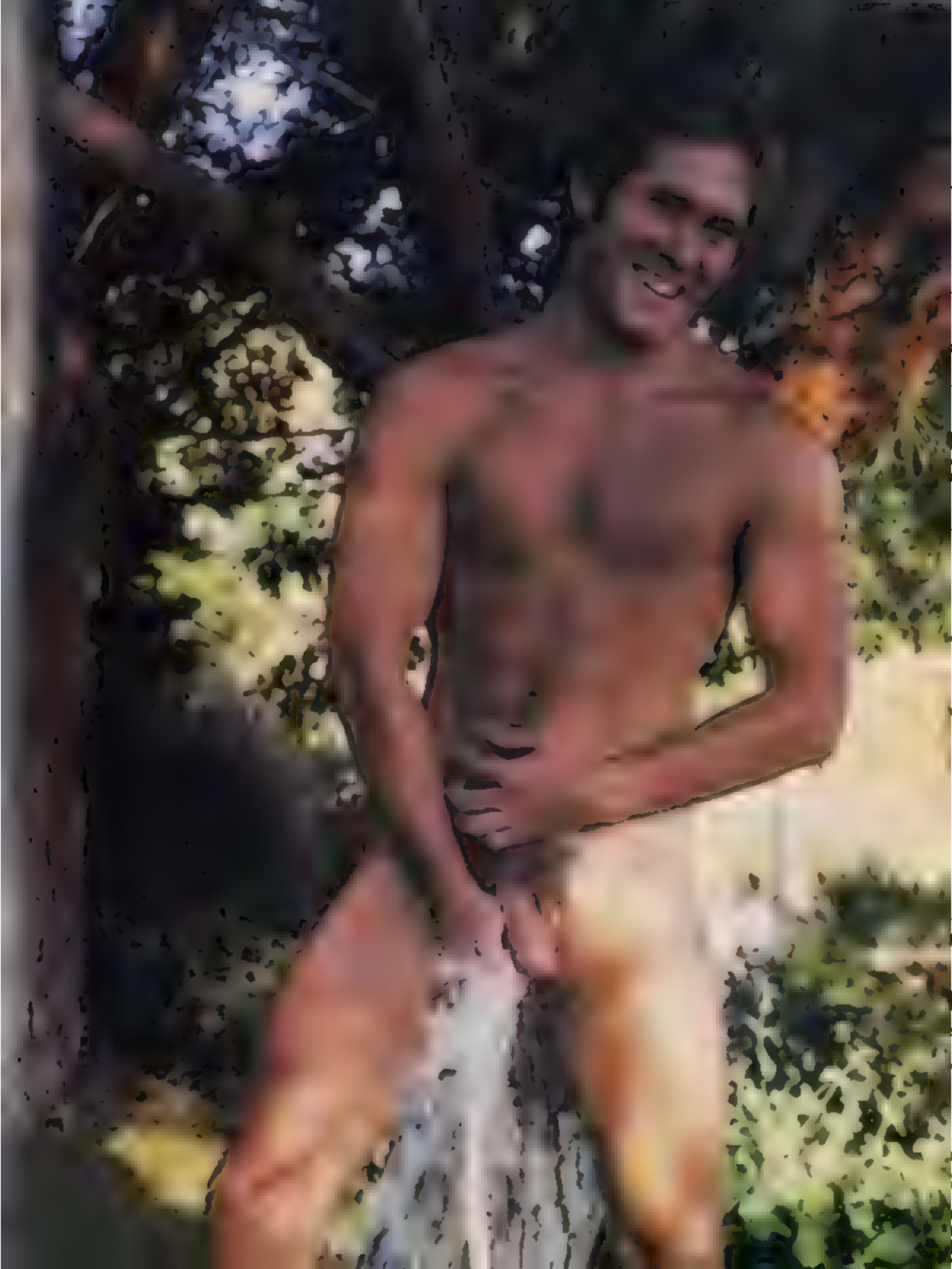
Photographs by Eros

CALIFORNIA DREAMBOAT

In the photos here, Gregg gives a better look at some rather impressive physical equipment. After playfully getting a grip on himself in the boat below, he cooled off in somebody's backyard. Nothing modest about this strapping fellow, but with *his* characteristics, why shouldn't he be eager to show off a little?

Photographs by Eros

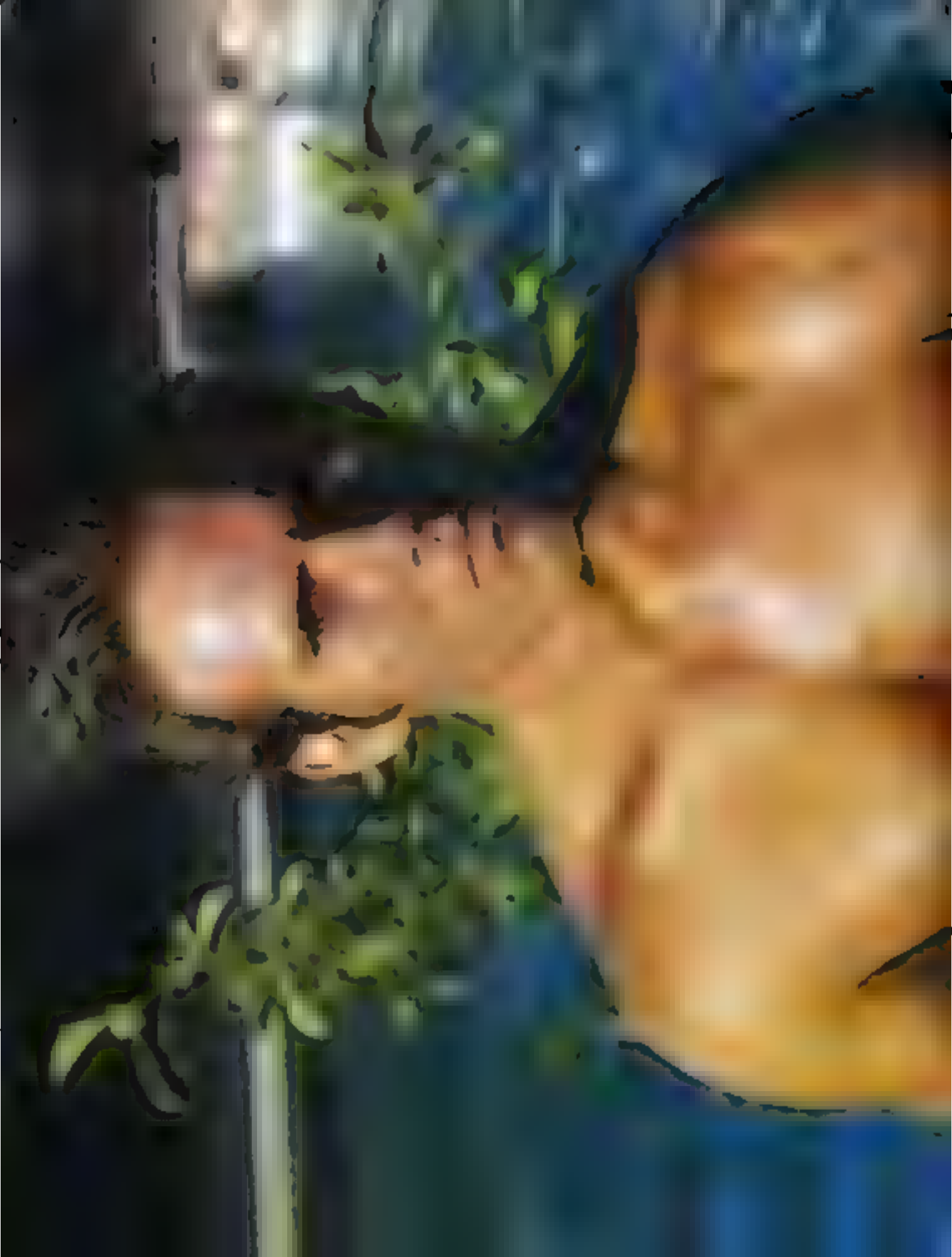
CALIFORNIA DREAMBOAT



By the time Gregg and the photographer reached the beach, the sun was hot and our model was beginning to ooze sweat. His flesh wasn't all that got hot, something you'll notice if you carefully check out those rather revealing swim trunks. And as if that wasn't enough, there's the photo opposite which should make something more than perfectly clear. For a final parting shot of our California dreamboat, take a look at the color centerfold that follows. Horace Greeley was right when he said, "Go West, young man."

Photographs by Eros

HONCHO / September 1979



HONCHO

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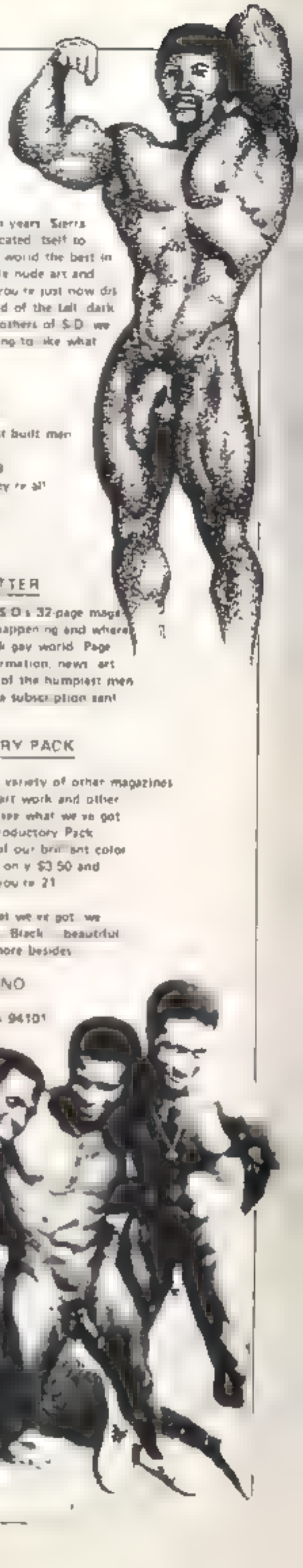

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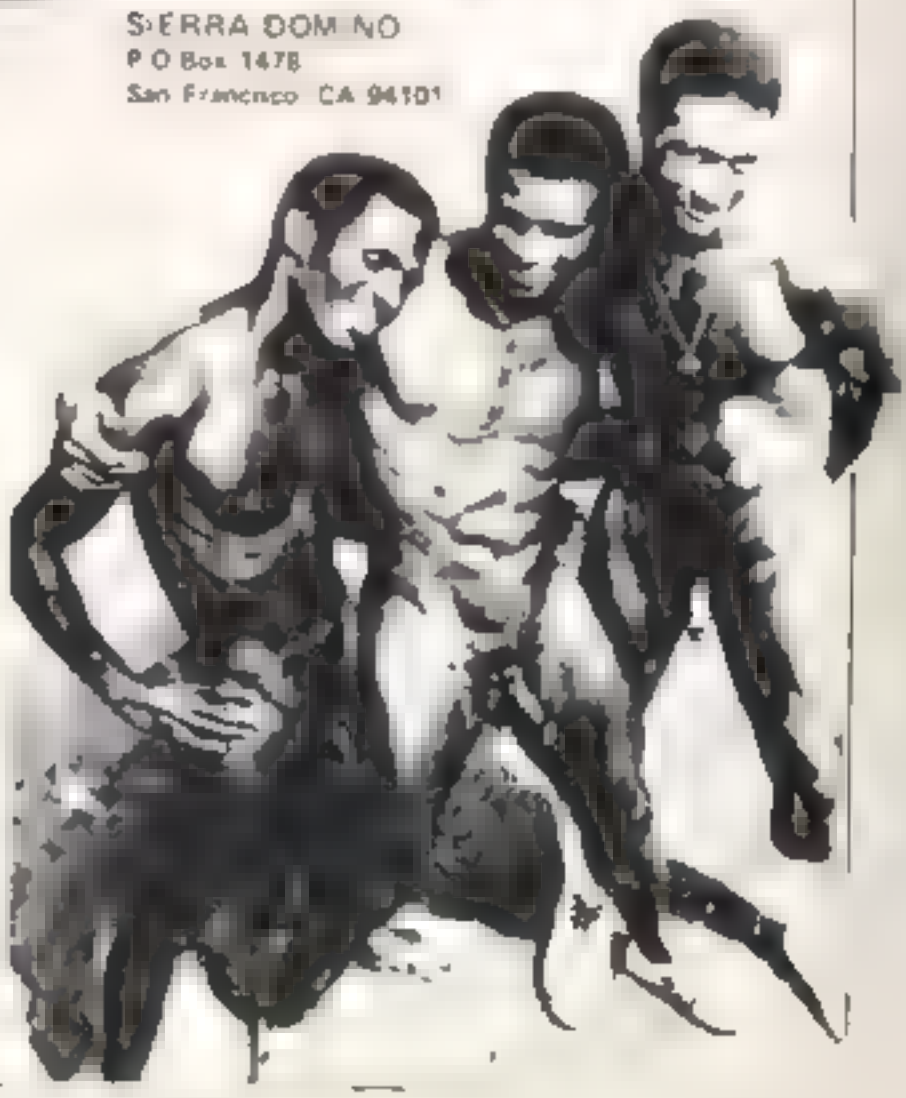

Sierra Domino

LETTERS

Dear Honcho

I would like you to send me the addresses of all the *Honcho* men from all over the United States. Send the addresses to: Mr. A S., Buffalo, N Y

EDITOR S NOTE: *For reasons of privacy, the addresses and phone numbers of models who appear in* Honcho *must be confidential. Any reader who wishes to correspond may, however, address his letter to the model in care of the magazine, and the letter will be forwarded, whenever possible, to the model or photographer concerned*

Dear *Honcho*

I just picked up the January issue, the first time I've seen your magazine, and it's terrific. The greatest thing was your health news on amoebiasis. It's time we knew more about health for gays and their special problems. I'm also writing about the article on "High Society" because of the photo of the penis (uncut and beautiful) with a tattoo on it. I remember during the service there was this macho male who used to bullshit us in the mess hall. One day a few of us were shaving in the head when in he walked. We were all in the nude or with just towels wrapped around our waist and there was heat in the air. One of the guys had a semi hard-on. Well, this guy stripped. He had beautiful tattooed arms and chest. He showed us his penis and he was circumcised. He asked us to look at the head of his dick. It wasn't too big and looked like it had dirt or stains on the meat part of the head. We wondered what the hell this was all about, especially when he asked us to watch. He slowly started to stroke his dick and balls, and he got a terrific hard-on, the dirt started to show shapes on his cock. With his erection, he had a beautiful tattoo on his cock head—3 monkeys sitting side by side: hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil. He wasn't gay but was sure proud of his tattooed cock. He said he had to have two whores constantly exciting him to keep his erection while the guy put the tattooes on. How about an article on tattooes in other unusual places? I'm sure there are a lot of other readers besides myself who would dig that. Keep *Honcho* the way it is. The articles are great and it could be the best of gay life information with good taste yet

Sincerely, R.J.
San Diego, CA

SELECT READING FOR THE HONCHO MAN

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A compilation of one year s installments of the *San Francisco Chronicle* column that had everyone roaring with laughter from Sausalito to Telegraph Hill Gay, glib and genuinely funny. **Paperback. $8.70.**

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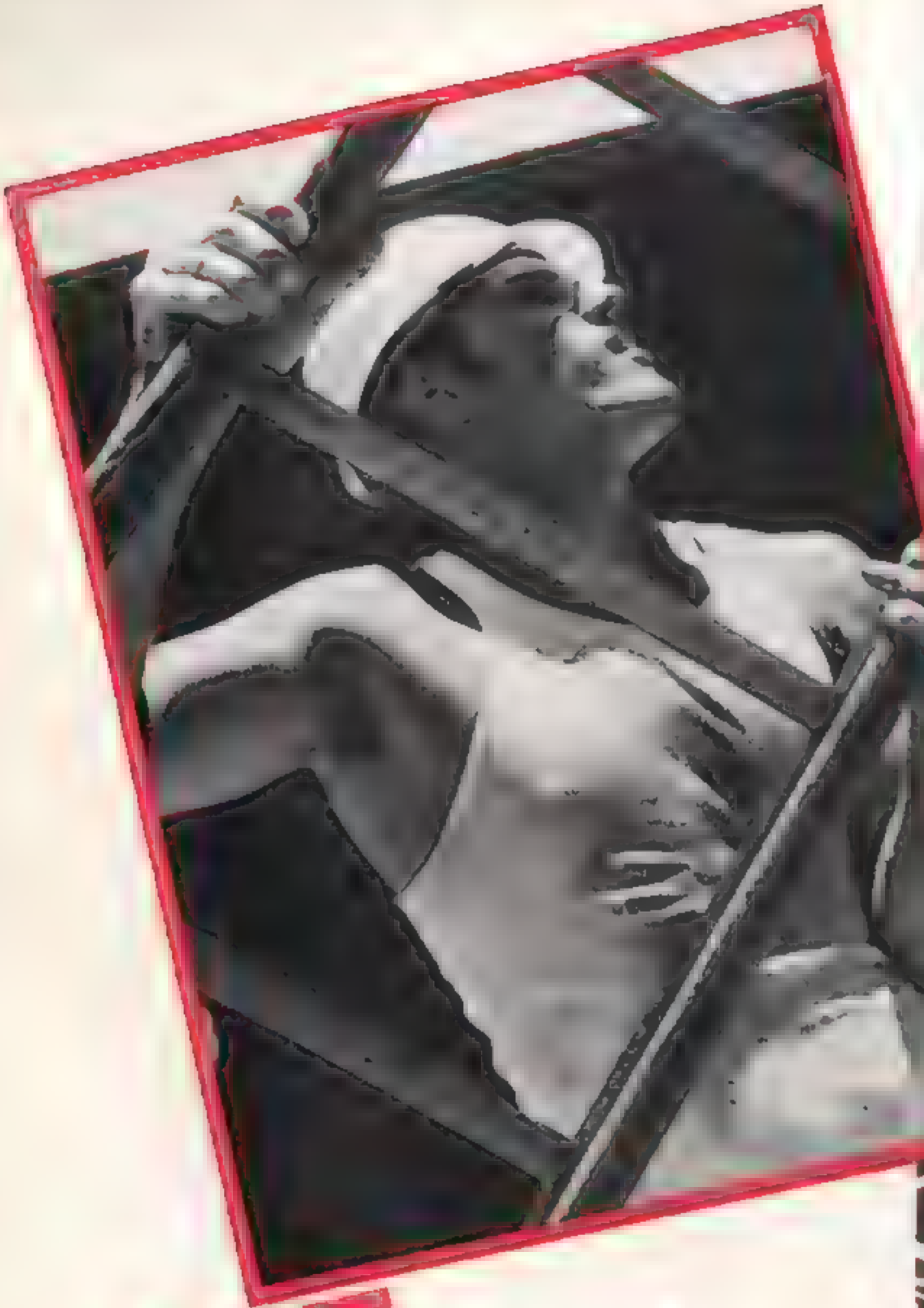
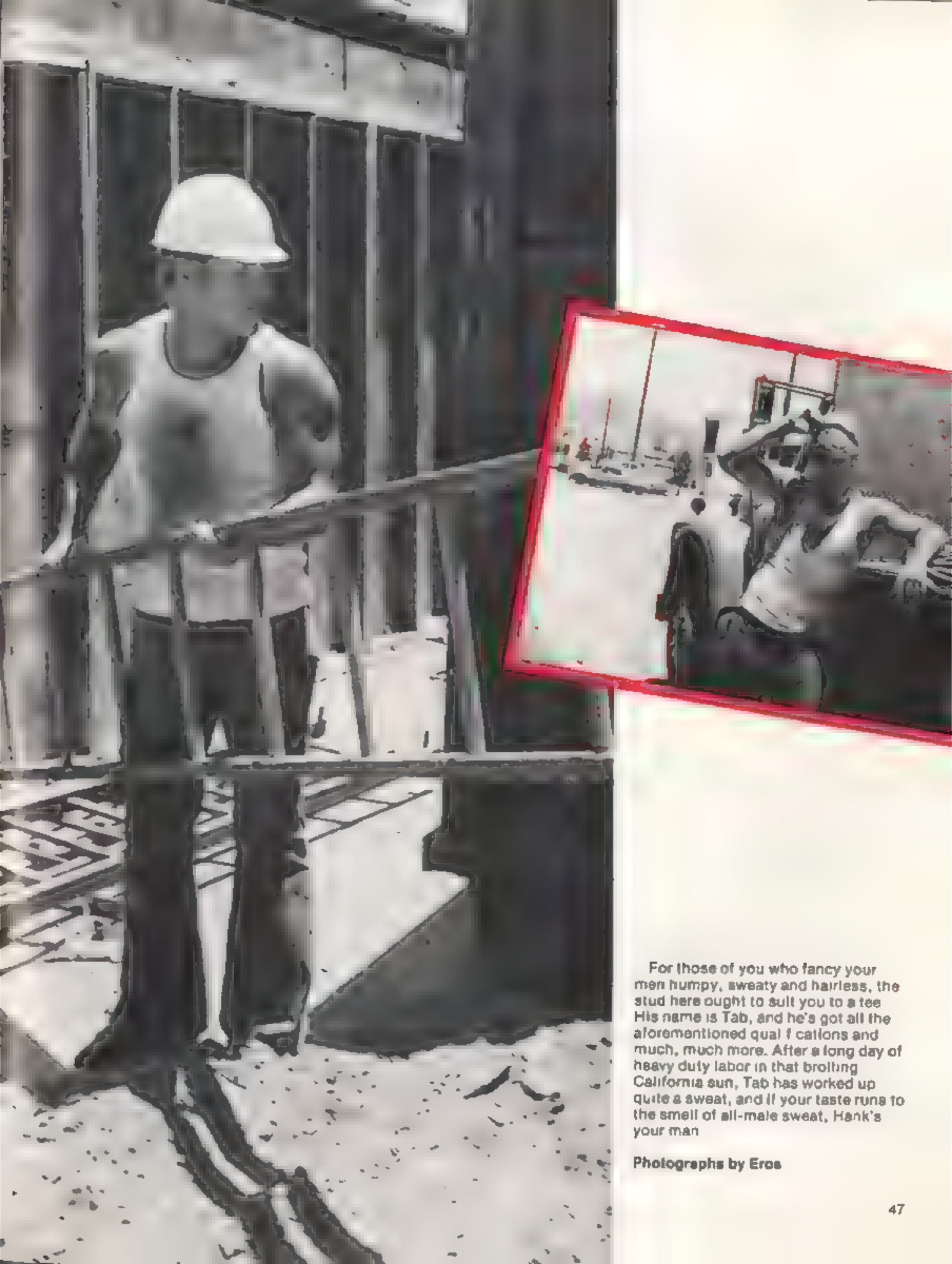
THE SEX PISTILS

Photographs by Dan Hanover

We've heard of staying power, but what about stamen power? And was it Mae West who said, "Is that a pistil in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" It's definitely for those into thick stems.



HOT HARDHAT



For those of you who fancy your men humpy, sweaty and hairless, the stud here ought to suit you to a tee His name is Tab, and he's got all the aforementioned qual f cations and much, much more. After a long day of heavy duty labor in that broiling California sun, Tab has worked up quite a sweat, and if your taste runs to the smell of all-male sweat, Hank's your man

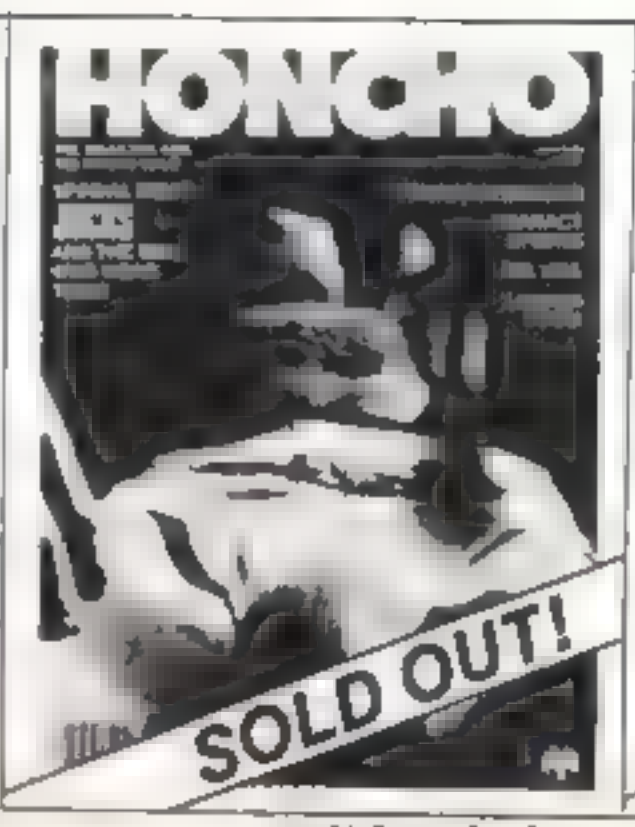
Photographs by Eros

Of course, there's another side to Tab aside from being a sweaty hardhat. When he's not at the work site, he likes to relax like the rest of us. And what better way than a lazy dip in a cool swimming pool? That's the best way to get the kinks out of those muscles and get rid of the dust and sweat. Well, we do have some alternative suggestions, but we'll let you use your imagination.

Photographs by Eros

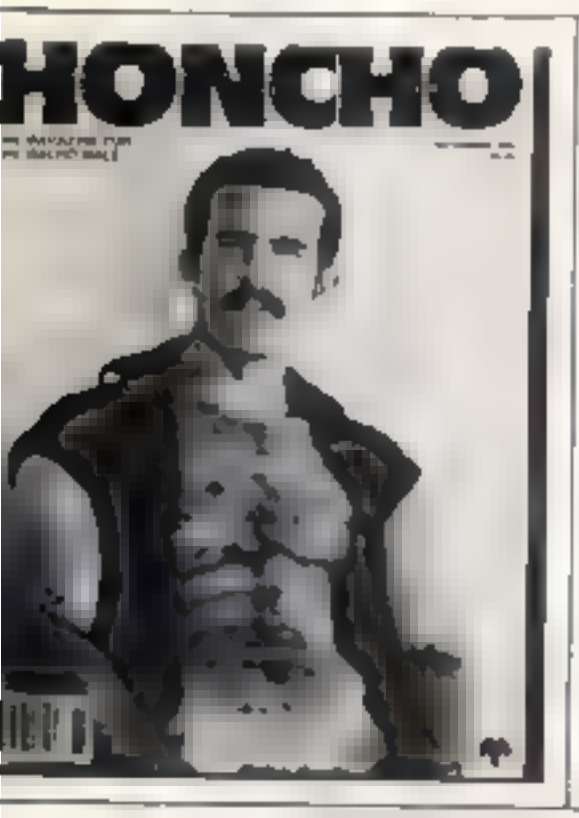
April 78/Photo: Roy Dean

June 78/ Photo: Roy Blakey



July 78/ Photo: Guy Corry

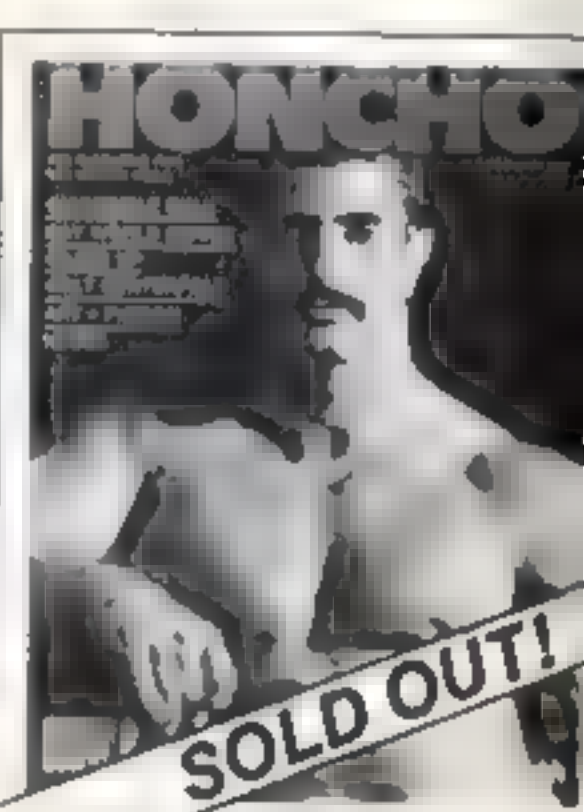
Aug 78/ Photo: Co



Nov 78/Photo: Target

Dec 78/ Photo: Jerry Lang

Jan 79/ Photo: Zeus



Feb 79/ Photo: Man's Image

BACK ISSUES AND A BINDER

Readers constantly write to inquire if back issues of *HONCHO* are available Many are indeed sold out, as indicated above, but the others—now collectors' items—are available And so is a handsome black vinyl binder to keep them in, with the *HONCHO* logo embossed in gold If you want to keep the *HONCHO* men at your fingertips, the binder is available from Jesse Jones Box Corp., P.O. Box 5120, Phila., PA 19141.

Always HOT OFF THE PRESS!

MONTH AFTER MACHO MONTH...

Sept 78/Photo Colt

Oct 79/Photo: David Meyer

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Mar 79/Photo Casco

Apr 79/Photo Jerry Lang

May 79/Photo Don Hanover

June 79/Photo Michael Rock

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"Through the window of the ranch house, Jeff could see the guy named Buck silhouetted against the dark blue Louisiana sky. His broad chest and muscular arms were visible in the moonlight, but it was the bulge in Buck's denim-covered crotch that attracted Jeff's eye. That was one cowboy he intended to ride before summer was out!"

BIG BUCK

Buck Jordan was bored. And more than a little restless. He was annoyed at some of the other ranch hands who were keeping the bunkhouse noisy with their contented snores. Damn, he thought. How come those bastards can sleep and I can't? All of them had put in an equally long day of working the cattle, doing some branding and roping, some exhausting riding off into the swamp to track down a couple of stray calves and their worried mothers. Buck turned over on his back and scratched his crotch. Beneath his long underwear, his long, thick cock stirred toward life. Buck continued stroking himself, lifting his weighty balls through the fabric of his long johns and feeling them send delicious shivers through his lanky, six foot three body. One hand on his balls, Buck moved his other inside the top part of his long johns and massaged one nipple after another. His underwear was unbuttoned to his navel and pretty soon his big whanger was straining to be freed. Fried first of the confining clothing and then tired of a heavy load of cum Buck had been saving up for much too long.

Buck sighed again and turned over on his belly, crushing his stiff dick against the mattress of his bunk and slowly thrusting his hips back and forth as he humped cock against mattress, dry fucking and hungry for release. "Naw," he muttered softly to himself, "I don't want it like this."

He turned over on his side and moved his hands away from cock, balls and those sensitive tits. He didn't want to cum like that and made a vow to himself that he was going to get himself off tomorrow or bust. After all, tomorrow was Saturday and he and the guys planned on riding into the small Louisiana town of Bayou Christian for some fun. Nothing much Christian about that place, Buck thought as he finally started drifting

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toward sleep with happy, horny thoughts about the next day. Only thing Christian about it was how friendly and neighborly the people were. The people referred to were the bartenders eager to sell you more beer or whiskey and the whores who were anxious to market something entirely different. "Yeah," Buck mumbled, closing his eyes with fatigue. "Tomorrow."

The day dawned hot and promised to be a scorcher. It was March and in this part of western Louisiana that could mean summer-like days. Or it could be cold and rainy

"Unpredictable," said Buck He and the rest of the cowpokes had arisen at dawn and were splashing water on their faces and bare chests in an effort to be more fully awake. Buck's eyes invariably wandered to a guy named Roy who had the same sort of well-muscled physique as his own Both men were in their mid-thirties and both had suntanned, sinewy torsos from long years of working outdoors on horseback. Not an ounce of fat on either of them. Too, Buck s eyes went to Roy's crotch where an appealing bulge of manflesh strained against his worn, weathered blue jeans. Suddenly aware that he was getting an erection, Buck forced himself to look away from Roy's groin and concentrate on other things. No telling what the guys' reaction would be if they knew Buck was hankering to ball almost every one of them.

"Goin' into town tonight, Buck?"

"Hunh?" Buck was unaware that Roy had been returning his gaze and was startled by the deep, bass voice

"I asked if you were goin' into town tonight," Roy repeated.

"Oh, yeah, I guess so. No sense in hangin' around here with nothin' to do."

"Maybe you and me could hit some of the high spots. You know what I mean?"

"Sure Why not?" Buck asked, feeling shivers down his spine when Roy slapped him playfully on the back. He was somehow disappointed when Roy put his shirt back on and deprived Buck of og ing that hairy, heavily muscled chest

"Well, let's get crack n'," Roy sa d "Soon as we get started work the sooner the time ll pass."

"Right," Buck said.

For some reason, the day passed slowly for Buck. His mind was constantly dwelling on Roy's invitation for the evening The big cowboy had scarcely paid him any attention since Roy was hired a little over three months ago. He was pretty

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much of a loner, keeping to himself and not joining in the usual horseplay and joking common to the other hands. The day dragged on endlessly and for Buck it was made even more unpleasant: thinking about Roy all morning and afternoon gave him a perpetual hard-on and it ached inside his tight jeans, wanting to burst out for relief.

"C'mon, cowpoke! Quit your daydreamin'."

Once again Buck was startled out of his reverie by Buck's low voice. He realized he had been staring off into space, scarcely aware of the setting sun. "Uh, yeah," he muttered. He laughed nervously when Roy slapped Buck's horse on the rear and sent him bolting for the bunkhouse, his own horse in hot pursuit. The two reined in their steeds in a cloud of dust and leapt down to the sandy soil.

"Gotta get rid of this dirt before goin' into town," Roy said. Striding into the bunkhouse, he peeled off his shirt and tossed it onto his bed. Buck started getting turned on again when Roy doffed his boots and peeled his tight blue jeans down his hairy, sinewy legs. He stood for a few seconds clad only in a pair of white jockey shorts which stood out against his well-tanned flesh. The bulge Buck had noticed earlier loomed even larger now and he was grateful when Roy said, "See you later, cowpoke!" and left for the outbuilding which housed the showers.

"Damn!" Buck muttered, reaching down to rub his groin. His thick prick was almost hard and shoving boldly at his levis. "Gotta keep things under control." There was nothing Buck wanted to do more than to go to the showers and get a close look at Roy's prick. He had never showered with the guy and was more than a little anxious to see him bareassed. But he knew one look at Roy and his cock would be stiff as a poker, and that was something he just couldn't risk. At least, not yet.

Later that evening when the two cowboys left to go into Bayou Christian, a pair of deep blue eyes watched them hungrily. Jeff Haley, the rancher's nineteen-year-old son, kept a close look on the two strapping studs. He had just come home for the summer and thought his old man had never hired such hot men. He rubbed the lump at his crotch just like Buck had done earlier and began plotting how he would make his move.

Continued to page 68

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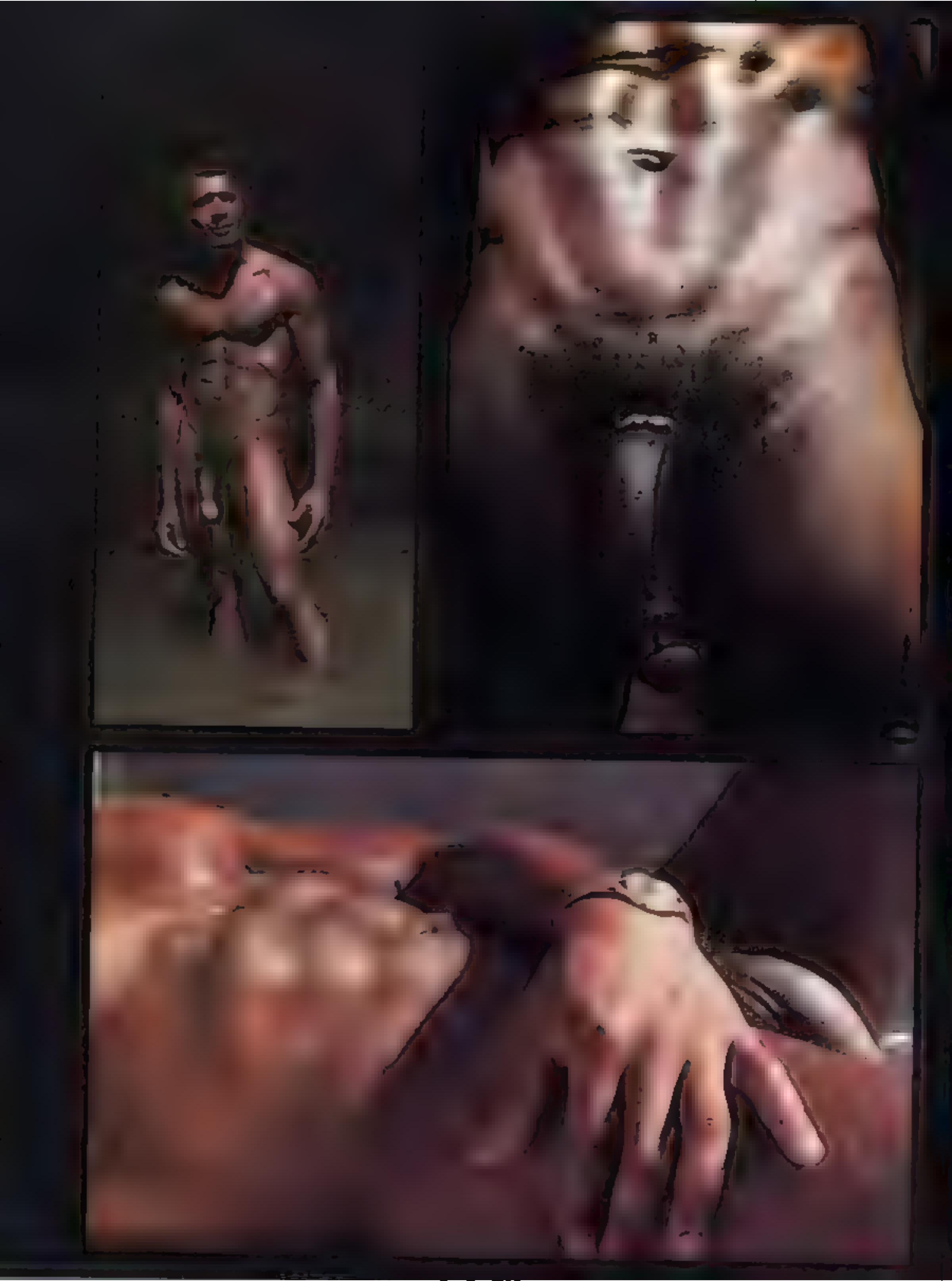

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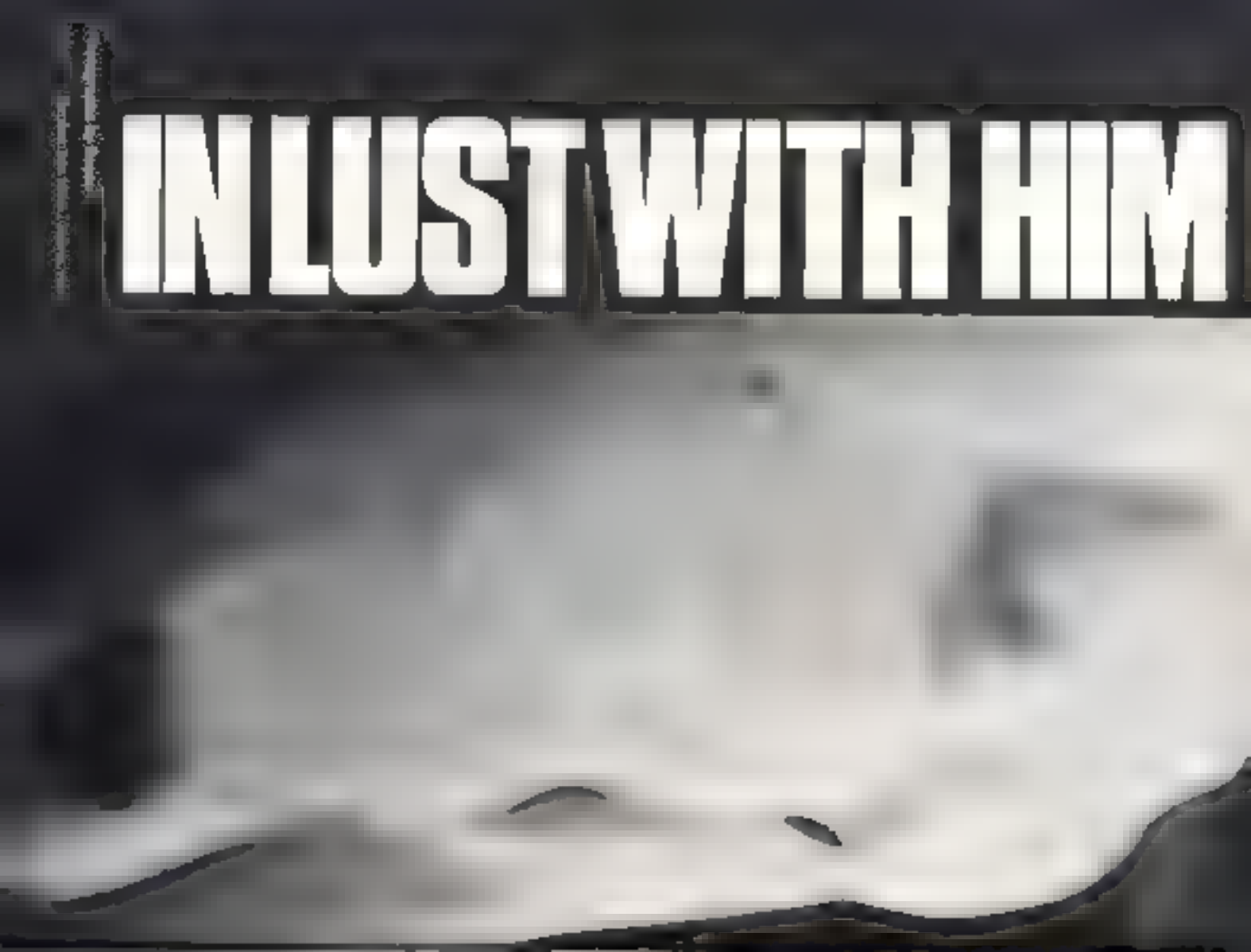
Photographs by Sierra Domino

Sierra Domino's model Ron designs men's jewelry that has a distinctivety phallic thrust. Check out the pendant and wrist band at right They look like a self-portrait to us

Photographs: Sierra Domino


IN LUST WITH HIM

IN LUST WITH

HIM

This is a rather unusual feature for Honcho in that it was totally inspired by one of our readers. We decided if it was such a turn-on to him that others might enjoy it as well. We're quite sure that he is not the only fan of the man under discussion: Fred Halsted.

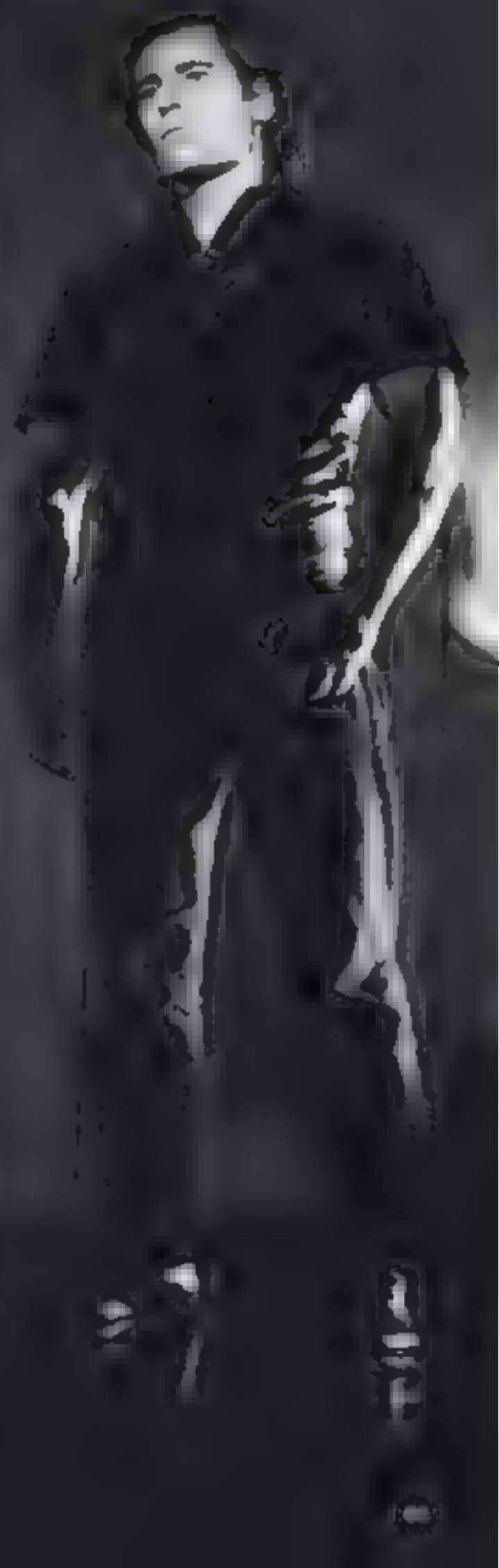
Honcho:

Ever since I saw Fred Halsted in *L.A. Plays Itself* and *Sextool*, I have had incredible fantasies about the man. To me, he exudes an animal sexuality that makes me want to be stripped naked and carried off into the jungle. Watching him in *El Paso Wrecking Company* was ever more exciting for me and the idea of getting into the cab of that truck and nestling against the fleshy, sweaty body of his could make me shoot a load in no time. I guess what my greatest fantasy would be for Halsted to play top man to my very willing and eager bottom man position. I would be anxious to submit to any of his wishes and would die happy if I could just one time run my hands over his leather-clad body. (In my fantasies, he's fully dressed and I'm naked, just imagining his torso underneath that leather.) Like he did with his lover Joey, I would want him to pierce my nipple and just about anything else he wanted. I believe a lot of people go through life with one ideal lover in mind and, physically, Halsted would be mine. I'm glad as hell I've seen those movies because now I firmly believe dreams can come true. I've seen Halsted in many magazines but never yours. If you could ever publish a couple of leather photos of him, I'd be real grateful. Everything about your magazine is terrific.

Good luck,
Jay Wayne, L.A.

A special "thank you" from Honcho to Fred Halsted for helping us flesh out one reader's fantasy.

Photographs by Cesco



THE MAN NEXT DOOR Continued from page 33

coming

"Oh, Christ, I'm shooting my guts out!" I howled as streams of steaming white semen spewed from the tip of my swollen cock to splatter against Grandma's clothesline pole. There seemed no end to my climax, and jet after jet of starchy smelling gism vomited out of me until my balls ached with emptiness

An instant later, Boris was climaxing as well. With a loud, lust-filled groan, he reached completion. I felt his cock swell even larger inside my rectal passage and then experienced the searing warmth of his fresh, slippery sperm as it whitewashed my constricting bowel He collapsed against me, and we hung there together, his sweating body crushing me against the post.

After a long time, he roused himself and pulled away, letting his spent penis slip from my bruised and brutally stretched hole As he untied the ropes from my wrists, he asked, "Shall we spend the night at your grandmother's place?"

I awakened to the sound of the telephone. Unwrapping myself from Boris' big, hairy arms, I reached out to grab the receiver.

"Sonny, is that you?" Grandma asked

"Of course, Grandma. Who else would it be?"

"You never know nowadays. I just wanted to see that you were getting on all right."

"I'm fine, Grandma. How is Uncle Cyrus?"

"Doing much better. He's so easy to take care of, always polite and pleasant. He reminds me so much of your grandfather."

By now, Boris was awake, and he was running his fingers up and down my spine in a most distracting manner. It was the weekend We would never have to get out of bed if we didn't want to

"Any idea how long you're going to be staying there?" I asked, trying to keep the mounting passion out of my voice

"It's apt to be quite a while, several weeks," Grandma chirped. "He can't get out of bed yet."

As I hung up the phone, I realized it had been a long time since I'd heard Grandma sound so happy. There wasn't much time to think about it though. My bed partner was probing my long ass crack with his huge, fleshy club, and I was more than ready to accommodate him

Each night after work I hurried home to Grandma's house, impatient for another session at the back yard clothesline pole. As the weeks passed, Boris introduced me to a number of his friends, who were as talented as he was, and on weekends nights the yard was filled with the moans of painful pleasure, many of them mine

One evening when Grandma called to run her regular check on me, she hit me with a surprise

"Sonny, I was wondering whether you would consider staying to take care of my house for a while longer."

"Sure, Grandma. I like it here." I grinned up at Boris, who was standing over me with his riding crop held high. He wore only a pair of tooled leather chaps, and his hugely erect penis hung invitingly from the hold in their front, a silver studded cockring snuggling behind its flaring glans

"I mean for quite a while longer, actually," Grandma continued. "Cyrus has asked me to go along with him to Florida for a few months. We'll be back in June."

I swallowed hard. "But, Grandma, you and Uncle Cyrus, you're not.. '

"Yes, Sonny, we are." Grandma began giggling like a schoolgirl. "Promise you won't tell your parents You know how conservative they are."

"I promise," I stammered, my head reeling

"Now be good while I'm away and remember to change your socks every day."

"Yes, Grandma, and my underwear."

"I've been meaning to talk to you about that. Why don't you stop wearing underwear? Your Uncle Cyrus did, and it makes laundry day a lot less trouble. Good-bye, Sonny. I'll write to you."

I hung up the receiver and reached up to cup Boris' moistly inviting genitals. "Grandma and Uncle Cyrus are going off to Florida for the winter "

"Good," Boris grunted, thrusting his pelvis forward as I closed my lips over the satiny tip of his erection. "Maybe we ll get around to fixing the clothesline by the time she gets back "

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WOW!

Dear Fellows,

I m in awe and delighted with your beautiful magazine. Wow! I've never seen such pictures. And that story about the brass bed. Oh my God! I read it and re-read it and can't wait till I get my dick out and jack off.

I have a suggestion for you for a picture layout! Why don't you show a bunch of guys in the a.m. when they just wake up with a piss hardon? I wake up that way and can't wait till I piss and beat off

I'm 55, have had a stroke but I'm queer more than I used to be in Cincinnati before the stroke. The only trouble I'm living with my mother and can't do anything—yet.

I was in the courthouse (our local "Tearoom") yesterday and a guy in work shoes was in the next booth Boy! Did his shit stink. And then he went to work jacking off. I couldn't see him but looked underneath the wall and could see his shorts pushed all the way to the floor. I put my hand underneath the wall, but got no response. I knew he was jacking off and couldn't do anything about it and it's still driving me nuts. Oh well, I'll just have to wait till my mother kicks the bucket. And then I'll rent a mobile home and then look out! Cause I'm coming out in the open.

Thank again for a beautiful magazine and pictures. Sincerely, G.W. , PA

BIG BUCK Continued from page 56

The night on the town turned out to be something Buck would remember and fantasize about for years to come He and Roy hit every bar in town and by ten o'clock were feeling no pain With both of them too drunk to drive back to the ranch, Buck suggested they get a hotel room for the night Roy was agreeable to that idea and by midnight both of them were snoring away. The pair had stripped down to their jockey shorts and to Buck's great surprise, at some early morning hour he felt some fingers slipping beneath the waist band of his briefs. Half sitting up in shock, Buck's sudden movement was misinterpreted by Roy who spoke gruffly to the blond stud

"You don't wanna fight it, cowpoke I can make you feel somethin' you ain't never felt with a broad."

Buck threw back his head and roared with laughter. "Man, if you only knew how much I've been wantin' to get in your jeans you wouldn't believe it Hell! I can't even look at you without gettin' a rod." He reached down and gripped at the stiff lump of manflesh

inside Roy's briefs

"Then, why the hell are we wastin' time?" Roy asked. "Let's get it on, fellow."

The next few hours the hotel room was filled with the noisy, slurping sounds of cocks being sucked and licked and milked to explosion After a hot session of sixty-nine, Roy and Buck turned their interest to other matters and Buck squatted down on Roy's fat dick, taking the full length of the monster up his ass. While Buck bounced up and down on Roy's belly, Roy bent over and took Buck's slender tool between his lips, sucking off his buddy while he screwed him.

Afterwards when both of them lay exhausted in pools of sweat and gism, Buck said, Buck said, "I've never been fucked like that in my life, man. You're some damned stud!"

"You ain't bad neither," Roy said good naturedly. "It s damned good to know I've got access to some cock and ass for the summer. I wasn't lookin' forward to what I was afraid would be a fuckin' dry spell." He reached over and patted Buck on the ass.

"That's yours any time you want it, stud."

"Well, I like to vary things a bit, Buck. I'm gonna be wantin' your cock up my ass pretty soon Ain't no use in lettin' that hunk of meat go to waste." He reached down and squeezed Buck's prick, making it quickly grow hard. "Matter of fact, you may as well shove it up me right now."

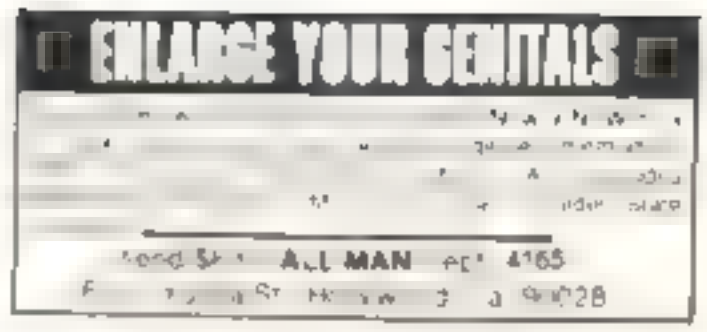
"You got it."

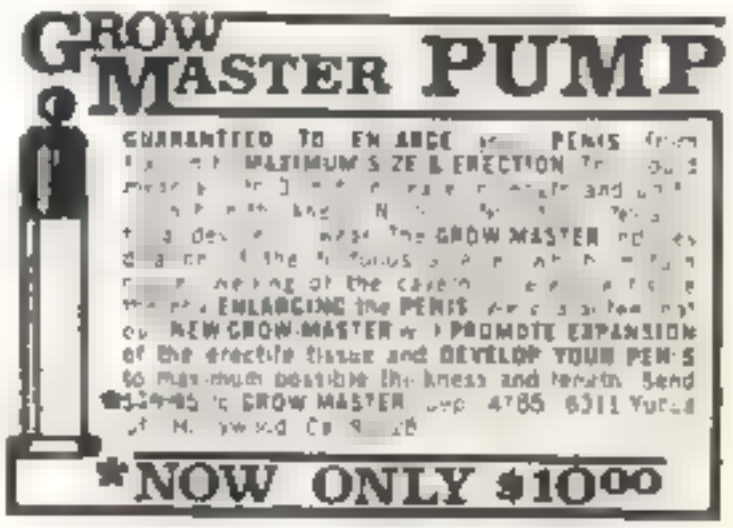
Repeating their earlier position but the with the roles reversed, Buck and Roy slammed away with each other This time it was Roy who got the dick up his ass and Buck's mouth closed hungrily over Roy's fat manpole. The two had definitely met each other's match.

"You can forget about that dry spell, Roy. This summer's definitely gonna be a hot one. In more ways than one."

"Right," Roy agreed with a laugh

Some two weeks later, after Buck and Roy had sneaked off and had a hot fuck/suck session on the edge of the swamp, Buck had grown restless and was unable to sleep. He decided a walk to take in some of the night air might be refreshing, so he left behind the snores of the bunkhouse and found some solitude. He walked toward the ranch house, and paused by the fence, unaware that anyone would be up so late and watching him Through the window of the ranch house, Jeff could see the guy named Buck silhouetted against the dark blue Louisiana sky. His broad chest and muscular arms were visible in the





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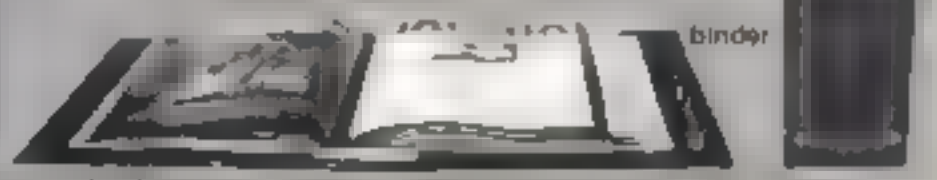

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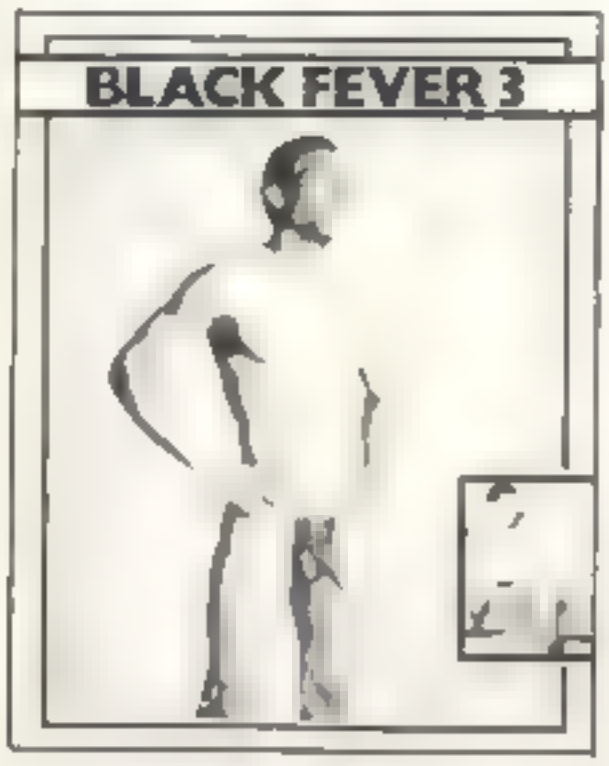

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moonlight, but it was the bulge in Buck's denim-covered crotch that attracted Jeff s eye. That was one cowboy he intended to ride before the summer was out

"Why not have a go at it tomorrow?" Jeff muttered to himself, licking his lips as Buck tugged at the crotch of his jeans and scratched his balls "Just how do I go about it? Might not be a good thing if those tough cowboys knew their boss's boy was hot for them." As things turned out, handsome Jeff Haley wasn't going to have to do any complicated plotting at all. Roy and Buck were going to fall into his horny lap like two overripe plums

Late the next afternoon, Jeff was riding his Apaloosa toward the swamp country when he heard something that sounded like someone was hurt Reining in his horse, he paused to get a closer listen. There were moans coming from behind a thick grove of palmetto trees and Spanish dagger Jeff jumped light to the ground and led his steed toward the strange sounds He could hardly believe his eyes. The big guy named Buck was leaning over with his pants around his knees and Roy's fat prick was shoving in and out of his ass. Buck was jerking himself off while getting screwed and unaware, like Roy, that anyone was watching them

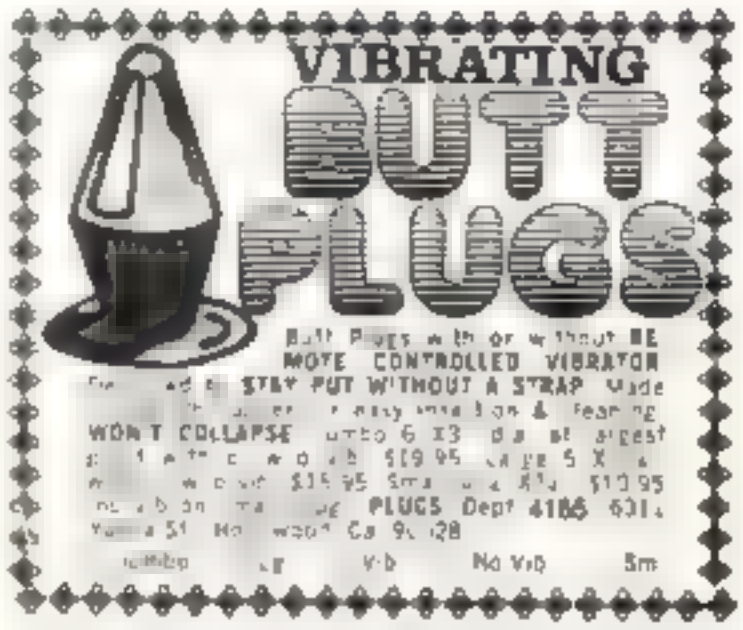
"I'd hate to see that load go to waste," Jeff said to Buck, walking around in front of him and scaring him and Roy half out of their minds. They definitely hadn't planned on being caught fucking by their boss s teen-aged son

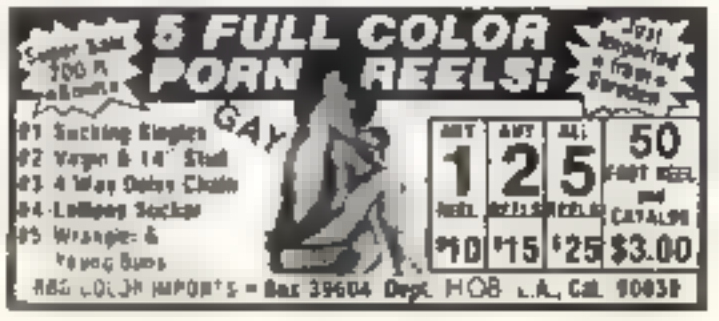
"Hunh?" Buck stammered

"I said," Jeff repeated, kneeling in front of the sweaty cowboy and bringing his mouth toward Buck's groin, "that I'd hate to see that load go to waste. Instead of shooting it on the ground, shoot it here." With that he closed his mouth over Buck's big manshaft and started sucking like a madman. The sight of the good-looking kid blowing his fuck buddy turned Roy on like crazy and he started screwing Buck with a renewed enthus asm

"Yeah," Buck moaned. "Get that ass, man. Get it good. Suck on that dick, fellow. Take that hot load down your throat

Jeff groaned happily and sucked harder and faster on Buck s throbbing fuckstick. He tasted the first ooze of pre-seminal fluid and braced himself to take what would follow. He opened





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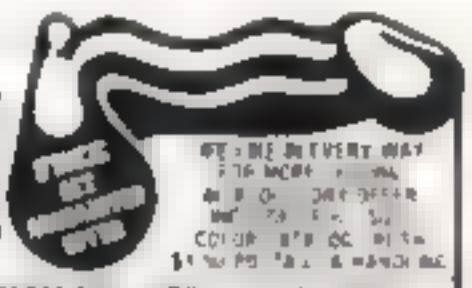

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his fly and hauled out his tool and started beating his meat furiously, all the time keeping his mouth firmly on Buck's hot pole

"Gonna shoot it, man!" Buck roared He lunged forward with his hips and shoved his dick all the way down Jeff's hungry throat

"I'm comin', too!" Roy cried. He matched Buck's lunging and spewed out a thick load of gism into his buddy's ass. Watching these two studs shoot off was more than Jeff could endure and he sprayed a load all over the toes of Buck's boots. As soon as he had finished coming, he bent over and licked up his own load

"Nice," Buck said, letting out a little cry as Roy slipped his cock out of his ass

"Damn nice," Roy echoed Both men gave Jeff a smile as he finished licking up his cum, stood and stuffed his prick back inside his jeans

"How long you studs been at this?" Jeff asked

"Just a couple of weeks," Buck said, tugging his pants up and zipping his fly

"Well, I can't believe my fuckin' good luck," Jeff said returning the smiles of the two grinning cowboys "My old man would freak out if he knew what he had hired this summer. I hope to hell you two will be back again next year. I got a couple of buddies at school that I think you'd really like to meet. Maybe I can ask 'em to come visit me this summer. The five of us could have one helluva good time."

"Sounds good to me," Roy said His cock was still hanging out of his fly and as he listened to Jeff's description of his well-hung college buddies, his meat started rising again much to Jeff Jeff's delight

'Are you two the only gay guys on the ranch?" Jeff asked He pulled his cock out again and started jerking

"Not by a long shot," a voice said Buck, Roy and Jeff turned to see Clyde Parks and Bill Stern standing close by. Clyde and Bill were the toughest, meanest, fightinist cowboys in those parts, and their buddies could hardly believe their eyes when Clyde dropped his jeans and took Bill's fat prick up his butt Clyde reached over and pulled Jeff to him and swallowed the kid' poker to the root

Buck and Roy hugged each other and laughed at all the sucking and fucking going on around them. "Like you said, Roy. This definitely ain't gonna be no dry season "

Barry Gable presents:

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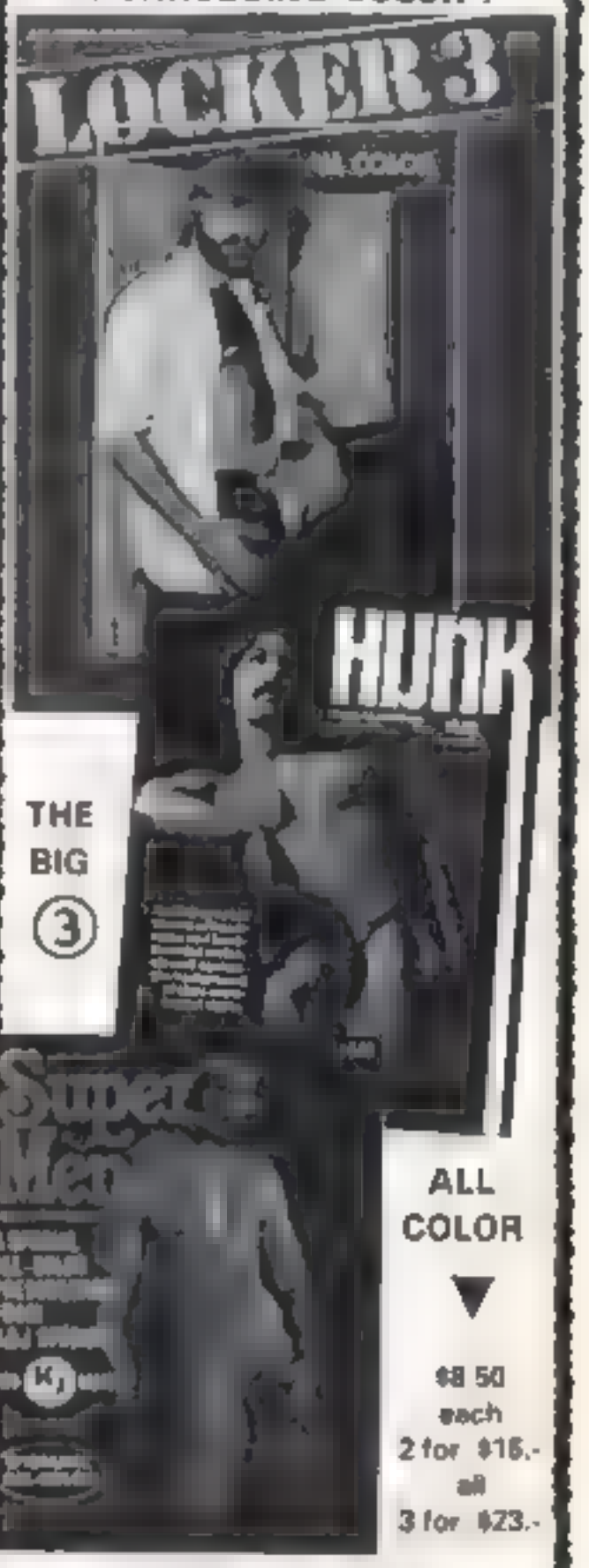

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CUZ

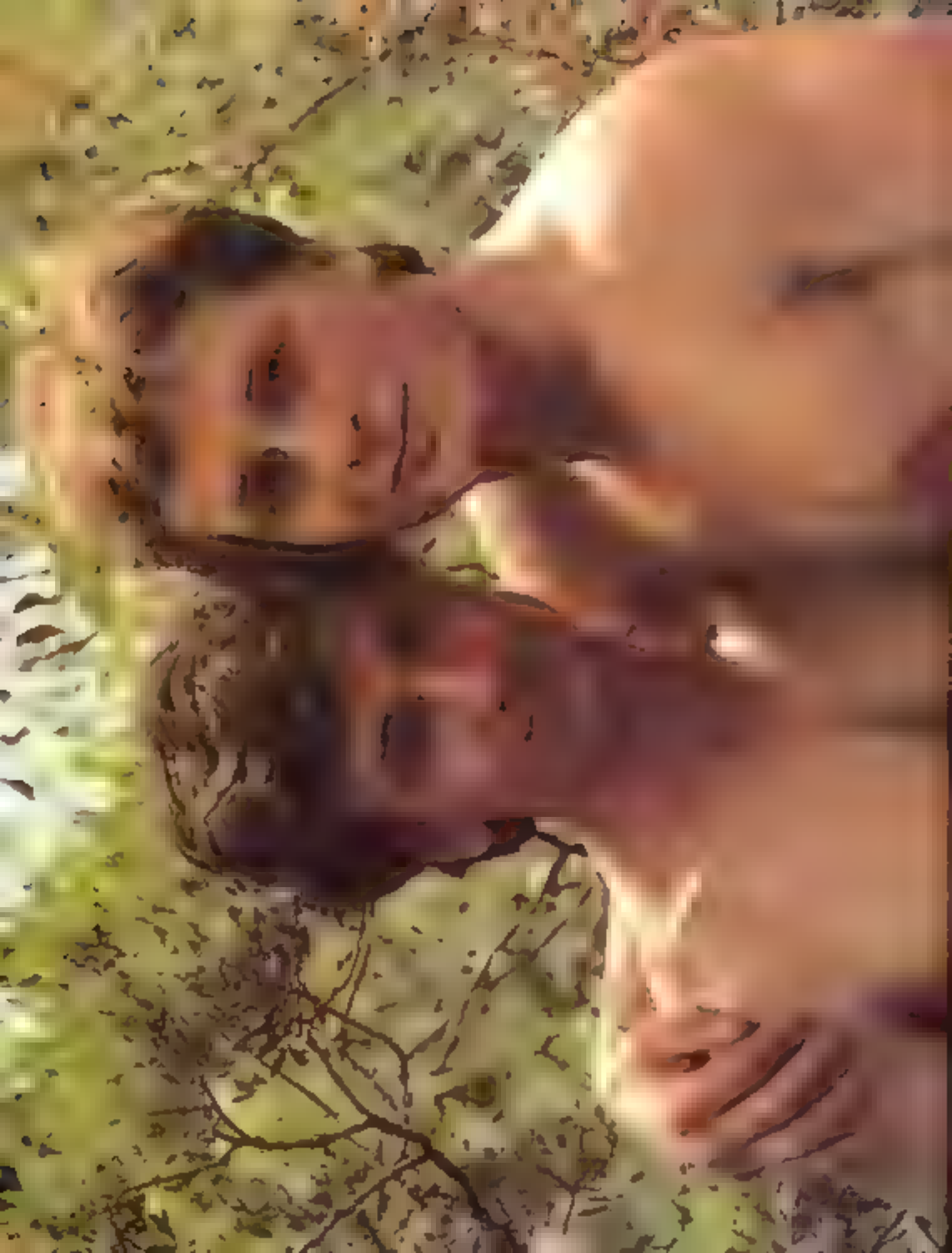
In an effort to bring our readers photo spreads on the widest possible range of men, *Honcho* regularly dispatches photographers to some rather obscure places. In the past we've run features filmed in the wilds of northwestern Canada; the tropical jungles of Kauai, Hawaii; the plains of India; and even behind the Iron Curtain. Perhaps less exotic but almost as remote is the state of South Dakota, a seldom discussed part of America which we're pleased to report has its share of robust, corn-fed young men. An example is the fellow above named Mike whose blond hair and blue eyes and husky physique are typical of the farmboys in that part of the American heartland. The hot men are everywhere. Finding them just takes a little bit of effort, imagination and desire.

Photographs by Savage

CUZ

Mike was photographed in the woods of his native South Dakota. We're told he was affable, uninhibited and quite eager to please. In fact, after posing all morning for the shots seen here, he surprised our photographer by suggesting he work with a buddy of his. He turned out to be another guy named Mike and a first cousin as well. For a look at these country cousins displaying something akin to brotherly love, check out the color shots on the preceding and following pages. And keep in mind there's more in South Dakota than Pierre and the Black Hills.

Photographs by Savage.



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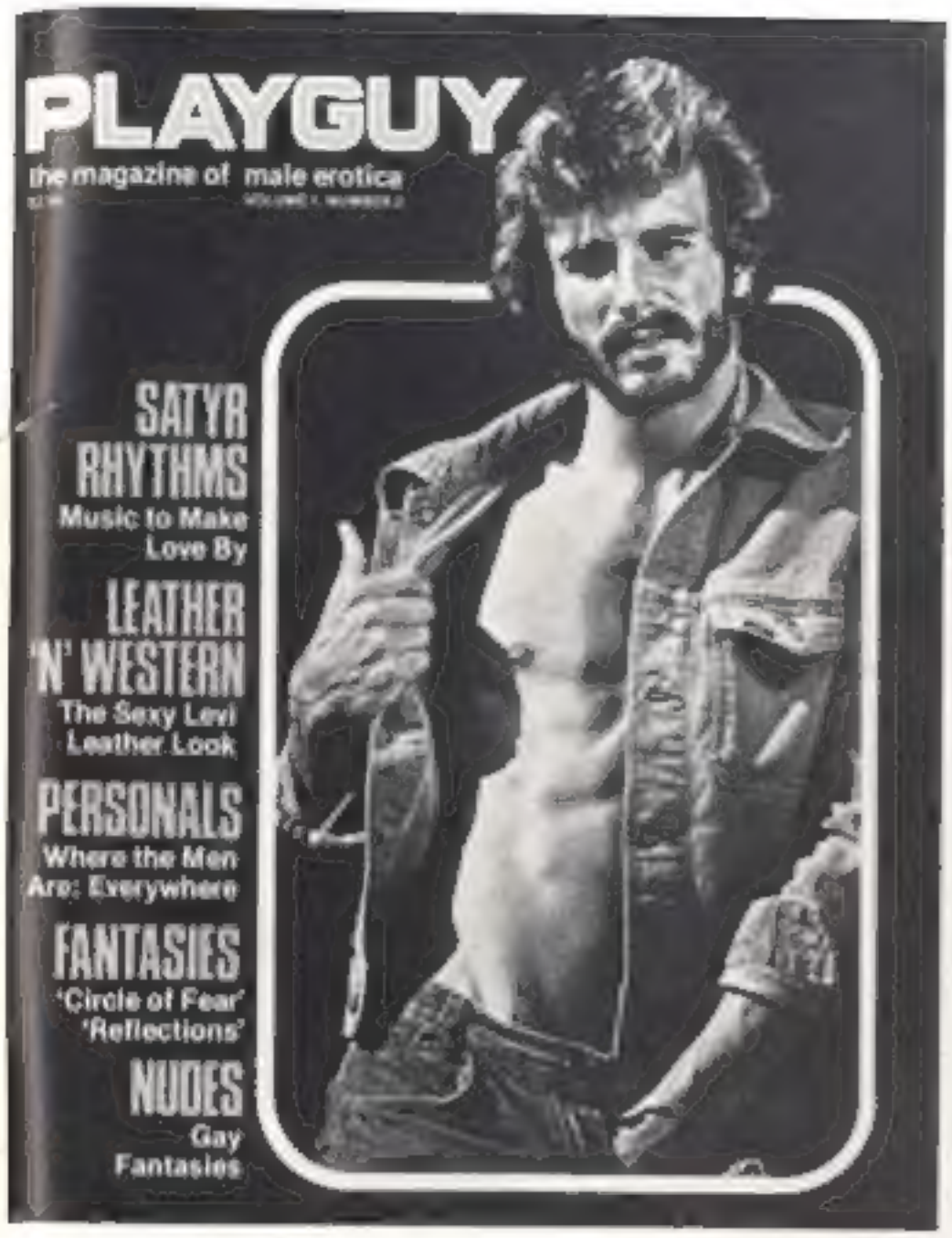

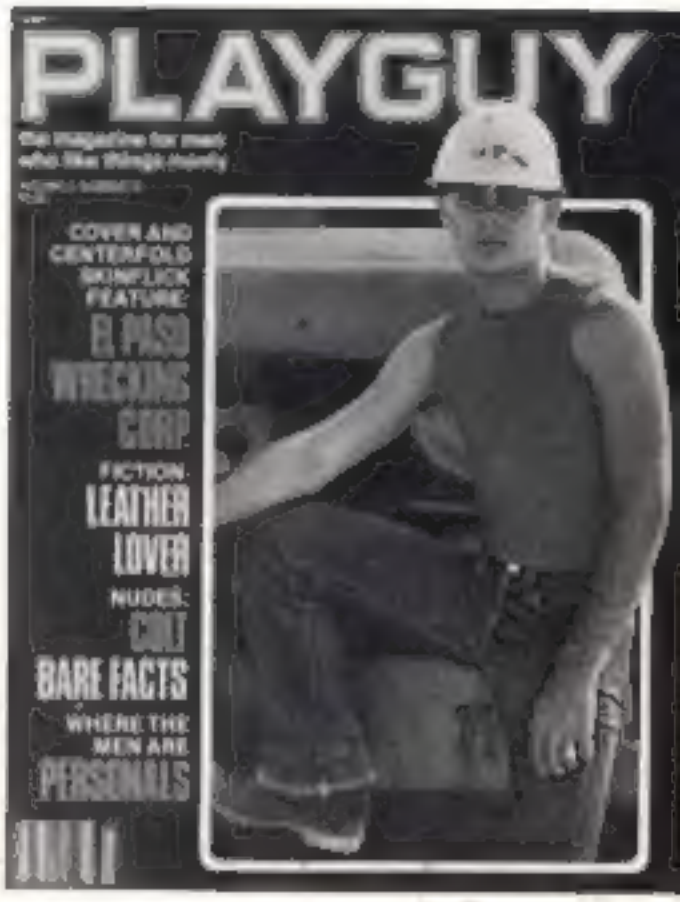

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